My Trip Around the World.

HUNT.

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My Trip Around the World

BY

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DEDICATED TO MY
GRANDSONS

John and Hunt Wentworth

Introduction.

I must acknowledge that I hesitate to place this manuscript in print. It has been a struggle for me in my declining days, with impaired health and imperfect vision; but my desire is that my grandsons, John and Hunt Wentworth, to whom I dedicate this book, may glean from its leaves some knowledge and, perhaps, it may create a desire to take the same trip some day, having first gained for themselves a storehouse of knowledge with which they may be enabled to see the Orient and other foreign lands with a greater degree of appreciation. By that time, the "Problems of the Far East" may have been solved, and light divine will shine in the dark places.

If a few copies find their way into the hands of friends, those who know me well will have charity, as they know the difficulties I have had to surmount in accomplishing the work.

E. H.

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My Trip Around the World

CHICAGO, August 19, 1895.

Have you ever had a desire so great that it became a controlling influence, and when that desire or wish was gratified and that day dream became a reality to feel an overwhelming sadness—a heart failure? If so, you can realize how on August 19, 1895, at 6:30 p. m., I left Chicago with a heavy heart for a voyage around the world in company with my brother, his wife and son, the latter just relieved from college life.

We arrived in St. Paul in time for breakfast, the train already made up that was to convey us on the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Vancouver, B. C.

Our attention was at once directed to the immense wheat fields of Minnesota and villages few and far between. Through the endless prairies of the Dakotas, with no signs of vegetation along the railway, and but little animal life. A few Indians visit the station on the arrival of trains; some to barter, others—blind or crippled—to beg. The third day out, at 1:30 p. m., we reached the Glaciers, where we remained twenty-four hours. Through

Assinniboin, north of western Dakota, we had noticed deep furrowed trails of the buffalo crossing the road from north to south. Now and then, their bones were seen in white patches on the prairies, and at the stations tons were ready for shipment east to make tooth-brush handles and bone dust for soda fountains, etc. We had been advised to stop at the Glaciers instead of Banff, perhaps by some traveler who felt the inconvenience of getting up at three o'clock in the morning to take the train. We regretted it, however, when we were told that the hotel is nestled among the mountains rising over 5,000 feet above it, all of them snow capped and far down the sides of the deep gorges was still seen the same white vestment. The Glacier House, where we spent the night, is like a Swiss chalet in architecture. To sit upon its piazza and gaze on the lofty mountain peaks is a sublime sight. To watch the sun climbing its sides, rose-tinting the snows which lie like a mantle over their height, is not soon forgotten; and to listen to the mighty roar of the foaming cataract, which tumbles over the precipitous foothills, one can but exclaim: Almighty One, how great are thy works! The path leading through the forest to the glacier is most picturesque, but not easily trodden. The constant fear of encountering a wolf or bear, together with the sight of the great mountain of ice, soon cools one's ardor, and we were

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content to retrace our steps and to gather after dinner around an old-fashioned stove in the exchange of the Inn with a score of travelers and listen to the stories of their adventures and have for an object lesson skins of the grizzlies but lately captured, which had not a soporific effect, but less terrific than meeting their majesties face to face.

The scenery from the Glacier House to Vancouver, through the Selkirk Mountains is overpowering; around countless curves, over lofty trestles and ragged edges of fearful precipices the line of cars pursues its way. The stupendous heights are at times absolutely shrouded in smoke; the climb of twenty-seven hundred feet in thirty miles around the mountain shelves and through vast snow sheds (most expensive in their construction), to emerge again into the light for a glance down the gorges into the glaciers, over and above to the lofty summits, is all the imagination can picture, and the traveler feels like a "mighty atom" in the midst thereof.

On the fifth day out from home we arrived in the city of Vancouver. Our vessel, the "Empress of Japan," lay at anchor very near the wharf, and after securing our cabins and seats at the table we returned to the Hotel Vancouver, where we remained from Saturday till Monday morning. Owing to a delayed train, we did not sail before midnight. We had forty-seven out-going missionaries,

some returning from a vacation granted once in seven years, others were about to enter on untried duties. The Rev. S. F. J. Scheres-chewsky, wife and daughter, were among the number. He was a paralytic—the stroke was superinduced by a sunstroke in China, where he had labored heroically in a translation of the Bible into the Chinese language. He was taken to Paris where, under Charcot's care, he recovered sufficiently to return to Cambridge, Mass., where his work was completed ready for publication. This he desired to have done in Shanghai. We were told his translation would excel all others that have ever been made.

At 10 o'clock each day, during the voyage of fourteen days the missionaries would gather together for a short service in the salon, where admittance was free to all. The ship averaged 370 miles a day; a few of the passengers found the "rocking in the cradle of the deep" rather disagreeable, but the majority of them kept their chairs and were well repaid, for the air was a tonic too good to be missed. The ship was well disciplined, the table inviting, the service entirely Chinese—whose sense of decorum was most marked.

On Sunday evening, the thirteenth day out, we expected to anchor at Yokohama, but a fearful wind arose; the captain left his seat at the dinner table in haste and ordered the ship's course changed. We were skirting a terrific typhoon. We were in sight of land, but in-

stead of reaching it at seven-thirty in the evening we did not accomplish it until 10 o'clock Monday morning. The steamer "Belgic" was stranded that night forty-three miles from Yokohama. The captain, who had for forty years made successful trips, was destined to see his vessel wrecked; no lives were lost but the rebuke he received cost him the loss of his position—and much greater the loss of reason. He was taken to a madhouse.

The 9th of September found us in the hands of our guide, who had been engaged to meet us on board the vessel on our arrival. Jinrikishas were in waiting, we rode to the custom house and from there to the Hotel Grand, along the Bund skirting the water's edge. The sun shone brilliantly, and all Nature seemed to bid us welcome. The hotel site is unequaled; the gentle sea breezes seem to follow us; Englishmen and Americans crowded the verandas, and apparently gave us a warm welcome. Long lines of jinrikishas formed a barrier between the waters of Yeddo Bay and the hotel, each in charge of a coolie, whose dress (if any) shocked us; but to this nude condition we soon became oblivious.

A ride along the shore of the Mississippi Bay, and through the country where rice and millet grow abundantly, in a jinrikisha with a good natured coolie is a delight. The Bungalow of the native all exposed to view is a sam-

ple of neatness, while the children, most gentle with each other, play in numbers around the home.

On this drive and but a short distance from Yokohama is the English concession, homes hidden almost from view by high walls and dense foliage. In that land of sunshine, with the cool breeze from the sea, the constant influx of European and American travelers, keeping one in touch with the world and with the simplicity of the surroundings, one can imagine a tranquilizing life and a happy coterie.

The streets of Yokohama are narrow, the houses of one, sometimes two stories, all on line with the sidewalk and with apparently no privacy. The gutters are flushed with water, which seems to be used for all purposes, even to the bathing of children. The absence of horses gives ample room for the masses of men, women and children who throng the streets. No haste is manifested, save when a line of jinrikishas of heavily freighted coolies appear, and then with perfect good nature the right of way is given. No menace, no insults are heard. The perennial smile of women and the submission of the men is enough to conquer all antagonism to foreigners, if any exists. Nevertheless, a guide is indispensable to protect against intrusive curiosity, for wherever you stop, there the gaping crowd surrounds you.

The shopping fever seems to manifest itself almost immediately on arrival at Yokohama; in fact, I heard of no epidemic so fatal to visitors. Your guide, who has an eye to the commission he will receive on all your purchases, gives you his advice as to where you shall buy—to his best advantage. As truthfulness is not a Japanese virtue, it is well to consult your fellow traveler and to use your own judgment as to quality. Each city of Japan seems to have its specialty; for instance: We found the handsomest kimonas, the finest cloisonais in Yokohama; the best carving in ivory in Tokio.

As for a gentleman's outfit it would be advisable to go to Yokohama with an empty trunk, for good materials and perfect fit are guaranteed for marvelously low prices. There your duck suits, Pongees and silk underwear for the tropics are laid in with great satisfaction. The adaptation in imitation is most striking. A waist of a dress given the tailor will be so closely copied in fit and style and delivered in so brief a space of time that it makes you fairly sigh when you think of the waste of time and mistakes that our own modistes often subject us to, but there is no originality displayed by the Japanese.

The native woman is always clothed; the unmarried, known by the style of hair dressing, are neat and gayly attired in their kimonas and bright sashes, are attractive,

but the absolute negligence of the mothers is revolting. The hair if not in strings, is most loosely bound up; no more pomade and bows; their teeth blackened, and their bosoms so exposed that their elongated condition becomes revolting. We were told that supply of the human dairy never ceases while the demand exists. No sooner does one child let go, than another takes hold—hence the accessibility.

To visit the temples is of daily occurrence. There, hundreds of natives are huddled together, prostrating themselves before the tinselled altars, leaving behind them in the space they have occupied a coin, of but little value, it may be, but something to denote their willingness to support their religion. These coins are gathered by the priests, and a theft is unknown.

Strangers are admitted without hesitancy to the rooms where cloisonai and bronze are manufactured, the close quarters, the simplicity of utensils, the perfection of workmanship, the untiring patience is to the nervous American the wonder of the age.

At night the streets of the city are thronged. Along and outside the curbstone are peddlers with their wares spread upon the ground with a single lamp light, around which gather the customers. The jugglers seated behind open lattice work perform their feats to admiring groups, while theatrical performances all in full blast, shut up from view from the street with but a slight screen, seem well patronized.

Many women are sold by their parents for the payment of a debt or the support of their families. The government confines these characters to their own quarters; they are not allowed on the streets of the city. We turn willingly on the following day to something more elevating and visit Enoshina, via the Imperial Railroad. The chief object of interest at Kamakura, our first stopping place, is the "Dai Butsa"—"Great Buddha." It stands alone as the highest embodiment of Japanese art; height, forty-nine feet and seven inches; circumference, ninety-seven feet and two inches; surrounded by beautiful Camphor and Echo trees. This bronze image is supposed to have been erected in 1252. The temple built over this image was destroyed in 1494. Since then it has remained exposed to the elements. Within the image is a space containing a shrine. The eyes of Buddha are of pure gold; the silver boss on the forehead weighs thirty pounds—it signifies light, or wisdom. Not far from this image of bronze stands the temple of Kovanon, the Goddess of Mercy, whose image is seen indistinctly behind folding doors. It is of brown lacquer, gilded and is thirty feet high. We enter and involuntarily lay our hand upon it for the virtue that may arise from our act of faith.

We again summon our coolies and, along the water's edge, are drawn to the hillside on whose summit is one of the most picturesque tea houses in Japan. The ascent is rather

steep, but through shaded paths lined on either side with stands where attractive souvenirs may be purchased, chopsticks of fancy design, jewelry, shell ornaments, etc., etc. The view from the tea house overlooking the sea is most charming. There our guide has laid for us a tempting lunch brought from the hotel at Yokohama. Tea and service is offered us by most graceful Japanese waitresses, who have no hesitation in assisting our gentlemen change their clothing for the bathing suit, that they may follow them to the water's edge to see them sport like fish in the bright blue waters, and were it not for the pestiferous fleas, one might declare the excursion perfect.

The journey to Niko by rail is most diversified, shaded for miles by the Cryptomeria trees. The pear tree, trellised with its luscious fruit somewhat like our Russet apple or a taste akin to watermelon, is seen. The day's journey is made all the more agreeable by the luncheon of quail sandwiches, fruits and hot tea, the latter made by our guide in our compartment. At five-thirty o'clock in the evening we arrive at the Hotel Niko, the weather cold and rainy, a poor table and damp, uninviting apartments. A brazier is at the solicitation of the guests placed in the drawing room. There we barter all evening with natives for furs of the monkey, idols of ivory and objects of interest of wood and bronze. The trip to Lake Chuzendi, eight miles from Niko, is made

by chairs and jinrikishas carried and drawn by the coolies. For our party of four we take two chairs and three jinrikishas and seventeen coolies—four for each chair, two to pull and one to push the jinrikishas. The third jinrikisha is for our guide and hamper of provisions. The road zigzags in many turns up the steep sides of the mountain, followed by a dashing stream issuing from Lake Chuzendi, known as "Kenon-no-taks," which falls in beautiful cascades and seethes over the dizzy heights, while our sturdy pullers keep up a tremendous pace with a continuous cry of warning to a chance pedestrian or cart of a street vender, whom we meet on the narrow ledges drawn by the same patient coolie. Baskets hung on a pole and borne by two men often contain a native woman and perhaps a child; mules with panniers so large filled with vegetables and merchandise that you can scarcely see the poor animal, slowly plodding along this highway led by a woman or more often a small boy with a rain cloak of straw and a wide brimmed hat of the same material, which are so cumbersome that you look almost in vain for the wearer. We dismount wherever a fine view is obtainable, and invariably find a tea house. Attentive waitresses, clad in their bright kimonas, regale you with small cups of tea and cake, to say nothing of the peppermint candies offered for a few pennies with a low bow and bewitching smile. Cushions to rest upon—

with invisible occupants (fleas), who insist upon accompanying you during the journey, notwithstanding your efforts to shake them off. If a bright day is vouchsafed the traveler the view from the summit is glorious, the tea house commodious; fishing with nets adroitly thrown brings in an abundant supply for the table. Our curiosity led us into an apartment where the noon meal was being prepared by a wife for her liege lord. The cooking was done over a few coals in a brass brazier filled with ashes. A steel skewer placed upright in the ashes on which was suspended a fish, overhanging the coals, which by frequent turnings was most effectually dried and apparently made a savory dish. An omelet most tempting and a bowl of rice was then placed upon a low table before which the husband sat upon his haunches and ate most leisurely, while the wife retired into a corner endeavoring to satisfy a hungry infant. The great question of the Orient is: Will the day ever come when an equality of sex will be acknowledged? We put the question to our well-educated guide, who shook his head and replied, "In America women rule, but in Japan the master is man." A missionary told me that they endeavored early to marry the converted man to the Christian woman and to insist that they should sit together at their meals, but it was a hard lesson and seldom adopted.

The temples of Niko surpass all others that we

saw in Japan. Broad avenues, well shaded, lead up to the hills upon which they were built. In 1617 Hidetada, the second Shogun, removed the body of his father to this spot. He was deified by an order of the Mikado, under a name signifying "The Light of the East," the great incarnation of Buddha. His grandson finished the temple erected in memory of his grandfather and was himself enshrined there. The five-story pagoda, 105 feet high, lends interest to this spot. The decorations of these temples are of carved wood in panels, painted in gorgeous coloring. Much of this carving is the handiwork of the celebrated "Hidare Jingoro," other work that of "Tunza." The group of three monkeys, blind, deaf and dumb, and the "sleeping cat," all have religious signification. The floors of these temples are covered with padded matting; in consequence, no one is allowed to enter without removing his shoes, or slipping a cotton covering over those he has on. The altars are ornamented with immense brass storks, with candelabra in their mouths, and tinselled lotus flowers with leaves of brass are much in vogue. The tombs are guarded with painted monsters representing gods of Wind and Thunder. The services are not unlike those conducted in the Catholic Church by continuous chanting. Pilgrims are coming and going, offering their prayers after first signaling the gods by ringing a bell, the rope of which is often made of human hair, a sacrifice made to appease the gods during an

epidemic. Near by and in the same enclosure is the sacred horse, a stupid looking animal, guarded by an old woman, who for a trifling recompense will feed it a few beans from a small saucer.

From Niko we go to Tokio, a city of magnificent distances, the home of the Mikado. We stop at the Imperial Hotel, the best kept in Japan. Temples and tombs set apart in sequestered groves, seem to be the resort of pleasure-seekers and pilgrims. Once the ceremonial worship is over, the people clap their hands to notify their god of their duties having been performed, and turn for rice, tea or chat. Many of the petitions are written on slips of paper and are left on the gratings that protect the idols, and those frightful guardians at the entrance are frequently covered with moistened balls of paper containing their written prayers.

Thirty years of civilization has not changed the agricultural implements. The same plow that upheaved the soil one thousand years ago turns it now; the same punt that furrowed the waters is the same to-day; the style of architecture of the old Tartar order, derived from the old Tartar tents, with immense curving and overhanging roof, repeats itself in keeps and temples. Possibly this stereotype is the result of being for ages cut off from other nations. The ponderous bells, struck by great beams of wood swung from the outside, give forth mighty mysterious murmurings.

The population of the city of Tokio is a million and a half (1895) and covers a territory as large as London. The castle of the Mikado, in the center of the city, occupies a space of several miles in circumference. There are three castles, and between each a moat; the inner side of each has a wall of sixty to ninety feet high, built of huge stones of massive weight. The inner castle is surrounded by beautiful wooded grounds, miniature lakes, streams and meadows. The public buildings and those occupied by government officials are of European architecture. The streets of the city are narrow, no sidewalks, and the one-story houses serve as workshop and residence for the occupant. The inhabitants go bareheaded, carrying umbrellas. The convenience of the river that runs through Tokio and the canals that intersperse its streets is very apparent. Public education is compulsory. Japan in its whole extent, with all its islands included, covers about as much territory as North and South Dakota combined. Although it has an immense system of irrigation, only one-twelfth of its soil is under cultivation, and the rice crop entirely dependent upon it. The population of forty million of people of untiring industry is rewarded by a mere living. For centuries the cultured class of patrons of the temples have given these people work, for every rich temple adds to its wealth bronzes, lacquered work, vestments of brocades, tapestries and carvings of images, each having its fire-proof building in

which its treasures are kept; they are not seen in the temples. As for the missionary work, we visited the "Mary Colby Seminary," a boarding and day school in Yokohama, Miss Grafton of Vermont being principal. At that time there were fifty native children as scholars, most of them able to pay for their own tuition. It is impossible to calculate the strength and influence of these teachings, and where the schools become self-supporting they must be strongholds. We were told that demand for teachers was much less than the number waiting to be called. At Kiota we visited the "Dobisha School," a university started in 1875, under the auspices of the American Board of Missions; connected with this institution is the girls' school and training school for nurses; also a hospital. A warm reception by Miss Benton, the principal of the girls' school, from Los Angeles, Cal., awaited us, and we were shown through the buildings, and were most astonished at the well built and commodious edifices, surrounded by well laid out grounds. There were not a half-dozen scholars. On inquiring why the accommodations were so great and the number of occupants so small, we were told cholera had kept many away. The few half-grown girls were seated around the table intent in reading a translation from Shakespeare of "King Lear," and others Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

One of the girls played upon an instrument some four feet long with two wire strings. Upon

the third finger of her left hand she wore an ivory ring, and with this she would strike the ivory knots placed at intervals on the instrument, producing sounds not unlike a guitar. She sat upon the floor and seemed sullen. The teacher remarked to us that many were very obstinate. We saw the table prepared for their dinner—a large bowl of rice in the center and small bowls at each plate, with a dried fish upon it and a pair of chop sticks. One of the studies most enjoyed is the arrangement of flowers, which is really a life's study. The ceremonial tea is conducted with great precision and is regarded as a graceful accomplishment. The price of tuition was 2 yen 80 sen per month, caring for their own rooms and doing their own washing. It is under the Congregational and Presbyterian auspices, and was not in a flourishing condition financially. After this we visited a dancing school which was most interesting. The teacher, a gray-headed woman, sat upon the floor with a dozen or more pupils around her. In one hand she held a wand, in the other a fan. Each child received individual instruction, the scholar standing bare-footed, with her eyes fixed upon the instructor; in her hand an oiled paper parasol, which when swaying her body to and fro she handled most gracefully, while the only music was the old woman's voice in mournful cadence, by the rythm of which her fan seemed in sympathy. With the wand she would strike her fan when she wished an emphatic stamping of feet.

The bronze factories, open to the traveler, are well worthy of a visit. The mixture of gold, copper, tin and silver into these ornaments are regulated in price by the quantity of gold and silver used. The intaglio figures are overlaid with these precious metals, and the deft hand of cunning workmanship is perceptible in every article produced. The Rapids of Katsuragawa (a famous resort in the maple season) is fourteen miles by jinrikisha from Kiota, which takes about three hours and a half to accomplish. Our party of five required five jinrikishas and ten men, much of the road being upgrade and through tunnels. Rice fields abounded and the scenery wild and picturesque. A tea house at the end of the ride affords room for us to have our own luncheon spread, and after an hour's rest we take a boat, to which our jinrikishas and coolies are transferred. The descent of the rapids requires two hours' time. The pilot stands half clad at the helm, while three men with long ropes attached to the vessel run along the rocky shore, pulling with all their strength. The bed of the river is rocky. Artificial improvements have been made rendering the channel more navigable, but the weirdness of the scene is heightened by the flashes of lightning and the low, reverberating thunder claps that were followed by slight rain. The boat trembles and bends before the furv of the waters. We are assured that the pilot is skillful and an accident is the exception. We land at Arashizama and resume our jinrikisha ride to Kiota.

Alternate days are spent in the shops. We find jade to be an expensive article. The stone is very difficult to carve, hence its value. The pale green in color is most desirable; a cup of cornelian red, very tiny, was 145 yen; a small figure of a lion, beautifully carved, 175 yen. There is a superstition among the natives of Japan and China that anklets or bracelets of jade keep off the evil eye.

We next visit Nara, the holy city. It is not to-day a tenth of its former size, as it is no longer the imperial seat of government. Situated at the foot of a range of mountains are beautiful groves, through which wind broad avenues, shaded by the cryptomeria trees. Temples are hid away in sequestered spots; in one of these the sacred rite of an ancient dance is kept up by priestesses. For a stated fee you can have it executed. The dress worn is of ancient type and bears the Wisteria crest of the Hasaga temple. These dancers wear a white, expressionless mask; their movements, together with the doleful music furnished by the priests with kotos, pipes and drums, make you feel well satisfied with a brief performance, the tune suggesting Watts' "Hark from the tombs, the doleful sound," etc. Here we meet crowds of pilgrims enjoying the beautiful groves with old trunks of trees covered with camellias, wisterias, plum and wild ivy, which are the marvels of the place. The great bell, thirteen feet high, containing thirty-six tons of copper, an image of

Buddha, fifty-three feet in height, and a museum erected and sustained by the government are the chief attractions of Nara. Together with the Temple of Taconda, with its fine wood carvings and its beautiful little lake near by, with shoals of speckled fish which are fed daily for the entertainment of visitors. Our inn was strictly Japanese. The apartment set aside for us was partitioned into rooms by mosquito netting. Imagine a room sixty feet long; at intervals of fifteen feet were hooks, placed in the cornice, upon which were hung mosquito nets with teaster-tops, forming, as it were, a square chamber. On the floor of each, beds were made, which consisted of three or four comforters or futahs, immaculately clean, placed one upon the other, while one was rolled for our head rest. Before retiring we were asked to place our valuables in the hands of the proprietor for safety, which we did in part. Our dinner consisted of soup, chicken and potatoes, beefsteak and onions. The curiosity of the waitresses of the inn is laughable; nothing escapes their eyes; even the linings of our dress skirts were investigated.

The founder of one of the temples is said to have ridden to this place in 767 on a spotted deer. Since then the animal is almost deified and is by some supposed to be a messenger from earth to heaven. The groves are full of these favorites.

Osaka, the Birmingham of Japan, is built upon canals, on either side of which are lines of storehouses containing cotton goods, china-ware and wooden utensils. The castle here was occupied by a military force, and all admittance was denied. Kobe, two hours' ride via railroad, is the point of departure for us from Japan, after sailing through the Inland sea and stopping a few hours at Nagasaki. Kobe has an English concession. Club houses, banks and good hotels gives it a European appearance. The Japanese portion has its bazaar, crematories and temples. The hour for cremating is at six o'clock in the evening, and we visited this place in time to see three bodies already placed in the furnaces; two of these were in casks, as they were in a sitting position; that of an infant in a rude box, in such as our oranges are shipped, and tied with twine. The crematory was on the summit of a hill, at the foot of which was the cemetery, where the ashes were interred. The sailing of the "Empress of China" through the Inland Sea is lovely beyond description. The sky cloudless, temperature about 72 (Oct. 1st, 1895); Americans and English crowded the deck. The harbor at Nagasaki is fine. War vessels from almost every country lie at anchor in the sparkling waters. The "Centurion" of the British line and the "Charleston," of the American, commanded by Captain Coffin, Messrs. Sharp and Littlefield, officers, gave us a courteous welcome. When the day was far spent and the last rays of the setting sun re-

flected its beautiful coloring on the waters, which glistened like diamonds in an emerald setting around the vessels, our own flag waved its colors and the soul-stirring strain, "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot," aroused all the patriotism and tenderness in our hearts. As we waved a good-bye to the land of "The Rising Sun" it was with the desire that we might return to the scenes that had contributed so much to our enjoyment. The twelve guns fired from the "Centurion" in honor of the occasion seemed as echoes from the hills bidding us adieu with an au revoir.

FROM JAPAN TO CHINA AND CEYLON.

Steamer Empress of Japan,
Yellow Sea, October 4, 1895.

Seated at the table with the first officer, who proves most loquacious and intelligent, we discuss the "Prince of Wales," the English rule in foreign lands and the works of George D. Curzon, a man of great expectations and great possibilities. He loaned me "Problems of the Far East," which I found most entertaining, clear and authentic. On my left are seated Dr. and Mrs. Ashmore. The former has been forty-five years in the missionary field in China. Mrs. Ashmore, as Mrs. Brown, was the founder of the "Mary Colby Seminary" at Yokohama, afterwards removing to China with her second husband. One of her daughters married Mr. Curtis, editor of a Kobe paper, the other, Mr. McCarty, a transportation merchant of Yokohama. Mrs. Ashmore expressed her views freely regarding the Dobisha school in Kiota. The great extravagance in building and in furnishing the university had forced it to the verge of bankruptcy. Dr. and Mrs. Ashmore labor under the Baptist auspices, and both feel that the most encouragement is offered the missionary in China rather

than Japan. The conversion of the Chinese was far more permanent when once accomplished than that of the Japanese; they were more truthful and with less varnish. We have on board Isabella Bird Bishop, gray-haired and with mild blue eyes, rather below the average height of woman. She writes so much in favor of Japan that the freedom of the hotels is offered her. After the third day of smooth sailing we anchor in the Yang-tse-kiang, as one writer says, "a stream of lofty dignity of conscious might." Broken short ridges of mountains are seen from a distance, with valleys and plains interspersed. The great plain lying on the sea coast is alluvial, made so by the deposit of the Hoang-Ho and the Yang-tse-kiang (Broad River) combined. The former river often bursts its confines, causing great destruction to life and property. The mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang to-day is far removed from where it was many years ago. The Hoang-Ho is for the greater part of the year unnavigable, owing to floods during the summer months, the disasters being so great it is sometimes called the "Chinese sorrow." Fish abound and is the flesh food of the average Chinaman, although pork is his delight. The mode of fishing is varied; often men and boys dive for them, but the more entertaining method is by the cormorant. A dozen or more of these trained birds are perched on a bamboo pole across the bow of a boat, but before diving, a cord is placed around their throat to prevent them from

swallowing their prey, and they rarely fail to bring up one or more fish. Their eagerness for success is most noticeable, and they are rewarded after having satisfied their owner, by being given some of the small fry. Our steamer anchored fifteen miles off of Shanghai, and our heavily freighted tender was two hours reaching land. The harbor was filled with bright colored sailing vessels, junks and sampans, stern-wheel kickaway and chop boats; also the bateaux of the "Tanka" girls who work the ferries. The form of the natural eye painted on these vessels is most apparent; the reason for so doing is, the Chinese will reply, "No eye, no see."

We at once contrast the well-built and improved bund which skirts the water's edge with the less pretentious Japanese ports. It is not until we enter the Chinese quarters, with its low dwellings and apparent squalor, that we realize what the English concessions are to the traveler. The dress of the Chinese is refreshing to the eye after our sojourn in Japan, where among the coolies little was left to the imagination.

The drive to the "Bubbling-Well," a square enclosure of stone some eight feet in dimension, reveals a spring of water whose surface was green with slime, from which issued two clear streams of pure crystal fluid. Well-dressed, painted Chinese women, guarded by eunuchs, drive in landaus along this fashionable drive, which leads to club houses and well laid out

grounds. The tiny feet of the women as they peep out from under the richly embroidered gowns assured us that navigation to them on foot was almost impossible. This process of deformity is begun about the sixth year of their lives and rarely fully accomplished before the seventeenth. The suffering is said to be intense. Government has in many provinces interfered, and as civilization advances it is to be hoped this cruelty will be abolished. A missionary told me, in appealing to the Chinese, "to desist from this vain and sinful habit, they would at once retaliate by replying, 'Why do American or European women deform their waists?'" The rough, uncultivated fields attached to the homes along the drives we are told are burial places of their dead. Mere hillocks of earth, so scant as to allow the caskets to be seen plainly, and oftimes skeletons protrude. Do you wonder that epidemics prevail? The warning is constantly given the travelers to keep away from native quarters, but curiosity leads us into temptation. Warehouses, manufactories, shops, theaters, dwellings and temples are crowded together; the streets offensive and disgusting. The shops for silks in the English concession are most fascinating. Beauty of coloring and quality, with most unique designs, are offered at such low prices that one must have great control over herself to resist buying in quantities. The better class of Chinese are most elaborately gowned in these gold embroidered textures—far more costly than the

simple embroidered kimonas of the Japanese. The absence of jewelry in the latter makes the love of it with the Chinese most conspicuous. Anklets, imitation of jade and silver bangles are always in evidence.

Jugglers throng the piazzas of the hotel, and for a trifling compensation will swallow a sword three feet long which he flaunts before our eyes and which disappears to all appearances down his throat with great strangling; this we do not ask him to repeat.

A charming sail of three days brought us into the harbor of Hongkong. The city is built on the mountainside; a narrow strip along the water's edge is laid out in a fine driveway, warehouses, hotels and club houses facing the water. The dwellings, with beautiful gardens attached, are built upon the terraces of the mountains, which can only be reached in sedan chairs, borne by coolies. The botanical gardens are most attractive and are within walking distance of the hotel. Alongside of these gardens is the St. John's Cathedral, in Gothic style of architecture. The clock tower is a conspicuous building from which all local distances are measured. On the summit of the mountain overlooking the city is Victoria Gap. An inclined railway, worked by means of cable to an elevation of fourteen hundred feet, leads to it. It cost the city 140,000 Mexican dollars, and pays about five per cent on the investment. The round trip is fifty cents. The views are grand in extent, but

it requires considerable nerve to face the apparent danger. However, we find ourselves on the summit in an incredibly brief space of time. The ten square miles of harbor is spread out before you with its myriads of vessels and floating hospitals. The enjoyment of this scene quite repays one for the undertaking. Queen's road (the principal street of Hongkong) runs parallel with the water; from this street, running toward the mountain, the grade is uphill. We ascend stone steps, twenty to thirty in number, to reach the street beyond; consequently we do not frequent them often. Flowers are in profusion for sale and most artistically arranged. The drive to the "Happy Valley," the burial place of the European, Parsees and Mahometans, each within their own walls, is indeed aptly named. We were preceded by two sedan chairs borne by four coolies, each dressed in red kilted skirts and white turbans. The occupants were two small boys, eight and ten years of age, with their amia, or nurses, who bore quantities of lovely flowers. On alighting we followed them to two freshly made graves; from these the boys removed decayed flowers and placed most lavishly those they had brought with them. It was a touching sight. We imagined the parents had been the victims of a scourge that was still hovering over the city. It is a trying climate. The American consul, Mr. Hunt, from Tennessee, called upon us, and we returned the visit at his home, nestled among the palm trees

and alongside the botanical gardens. His family were feeling the effect of their protracted sojourn here and yearned for a change.

The distance from Hongkong to Canton is ninety-five miles by the river. We were somewhat surprised to find the captain of our vessel from Prairie du Chien, Wis., whose family was still residing there. It is said that a population of 300,000 people live in boats upon these waters and have no other home. With the baby on her back the mother swings the heavy scull, while the other children act as ducks in the water, some being tethered to the vessel, apparently without any sense of danger. At the slightest indication that one of these boats are needed, fifty or more will rush to the spot, clambering in loud voices for their rights; while the wonder is that the baby's head does not roll off of its shoulders. The mother is seemingly indifferent as to its existence. Along the shores of the river are rice fields and orchards, interspersed with pagodas, which from a distance look like hanging gardens. Chance wind bears sand and seed to these overhanging roofs, and shrubs and flowers grow and bloom. Whampun and Homan, two lofty pagodas, made famous by their age and height, are seen from the steamer, and an occasional dead body of a Chinaman floats by us. As we near the landing of Canton small boats filled with lepers come alongside soliciting alms. They are most pitiful in appearance and, judging from the coins thrown them, it is the only means of their maintenance.

Guides are in waiting at the steamer's wharf, and we only feel safe when protected by them. Six chairs with four men each, made up our van. Mr. Wilder, of Honolulu, had joined us. These coolies groan as they trot along. With the thermometer about 80 and no clothing save the loin cloth, they stop only long enough to change the pole from one shoulder to the other, which are lacerated and in great welts. If it were not for the novel sights that meet the eye the sympathy aroused would be too trying for the traveler. Canton is called the "City of Rams," or the "City of the Genii." These names are derived from the supposed visit of fire-protecting spirits that came from heaven two thousand years ago. It is the chief trading city of southern China. Foreigners first visited here in the eighth century. In 1568 the Portuguese were in China, and in 1615 the Tartars invaded it. We passed through what is known as the Tartar town; it was neater and cleaner than the other quarters. Later the East India Company took possession and for a century and a half controlled the foreign trade. The British invaded the city of Canton in 1841 and took possession, but the ransom of six million was made for its redemption. Again in 1857 the allied forces of British and French captured it, and for nearly four years it was in the hands of foreigners, its government being administered by a joint commission. It has now its European concession. Canton is a typical Chinese city, the contracted streets, not exceeding six feet

in width except in spaces where some official residence or temple is built. It is with great difficulty we make any headway through these narrow lanes, and are often compelled to leave our chairs and with our guide pursue our way on foot. If by chance a shop is entered a gaping crowd so surrounds you that you are not only in danger of being robbed, but of losing your guide. The foreign quarters are separated from the mainland by a stream of water connected by two bridges. A wall encircles the native quarter and the gates are closed at night and guarded; the discharge of firecrackers in the early morning announce their opening, and from the river boats another discharge, almost deafening, which is supposed to keep them from the "evil one" through the day.

The Temples of Confucius, Buddha and Shinto religions are much alike in their construction. One of the most famous of these is that of the five hundred Genii, founded in five hundred, the year of our Lord, and was rebuilt forty years ago. In the midst of these immortal five hundred images is that of "Marco Polo," who visited here in the twelfth century. The Temple of Horrors, whose tableaux in brass and wood represent the punishments meted out to those in Buddha's purgatory, boiling the culprit in oil, or grinding him in a mill, or still worse, to place him in an upright position between two planks of wood and then sawing him in pieces—all these pleasant reminders are heightened by the reincar-

nation against the will of a man's soul into that of a wild beast, destined to another life here on earth, which is too realistic to dwell upon.

The Examination Hall, where all males from eighteen to eighty years of age may compete for honors, is well worth a visit. Stalls are built for 12,000 students, in which are placed a table and chair. Once the man is seated there is no release for three days. A strict watch is kept to prevent any communication; even if a death occurs a hole must be knocked in the surrounding wall to transport the body, for under no circumstances are the gates opened during the trial. A subject for an essay is given, and each applicant is forced to render an example of his ability. Less than two score of these receive degrees, and from this examination they go to a higher court in Pekin and there high honors await them in official positions. No caste is observed. The water clock, built five hundred years ago, is composed of three copper vessels placed on top of each other with an indicator in the lower one. The passing of time is indicated by the raising of the water in this lower one, into which trickles the same fluid from those above. The prisons seemed crowded; the inmates were chained to stones or bars of iron, all apparently in one large hall, separated from the spectators by upright bars of iron. When we approached they made a rush toward us as well as their heavily burdened limbs would allow, and begged for money with which their freedom could be bought. The yoke

some wore was most torturing. I could think only of Dante's inferno. The execution grounds was a most grewsome place, about twenty-five feet long and ten or twelve feet wide, used daily for drying and storing pottery. The prisoner was made to kneel, bowing his head, while the executioner's ax did the work. We saw a head which had been decapitated before our arrival. From the wall of Canton we could see mountainsides, which seemed to be one vast number of graves, whose entrance were in the form of a horseshoe. In the city is a building they call the "Old Man's Paradise." It is kept up by the wealthy class. The remains of the male dead can be left here for five years, incased in a huge lacquered wood coffin, costing $1,500. Under it is placed plates of lime to prevent white ants from destroying the wood. Before the coffin is a drop curtain to shield it from the gaze of the passer by, in front of which is an altar decked with tinselled flowers; beside this is an empty chair, around which are grouped wooden images supposed to be the servants of the departed master waiting his return, with rice and tea prepared and placed near by. A couch for a servant who guarded the body was occupied each night. The place was rather attractive than otherwise. We lunched upon the walls of Canton in a deserted building, but old with memories. We visited some shops where the crepe, for which the manufactory is noted, can be found in almost all colors, some beautifully embroidered, for mod-

erate prices. The markets are disgusting with the skinned rats and bloody fish which are offered for sale, and a few days' sojourn amidst such surroundings satisfies the traveler.

On our return to Hongkong (the port from which we sailed) the sight of the French steamer "Melbourne," which was to bear us on our journey, was an agreeable vision, although on that line of steamers little is done for the pleasure of the passengers. We took on at Saigon the Governor of Siberia, his wife and secretary; also the Siberian Minister to China, with his wife, with many Russians. The ladies of the party were handsome, and often regaled us with their beautiful voices. A Japanese colonel, who had by his feats of bravery made himself famous, sat at my right at the table, and it was with great interest I listened to him telling of his trip on horseback from Russia on the Trans-Siberian line to China, which took seventeen months to accomplish, with the use of three horses. The extreme cold of Siberia, 45 degrees below zero, with those sluggish people, made the days he spent with them most memorable. He averaged twenty-five miles a day, traveling through grand forests, and, as daylight continued till midnight, he was enabled to travel much at night during the summer months. He was in the employ of the Japanese government. We afterward met him at Cairo. Two days out from Hongkong (Oct. 19, 1895) we skirted the Island of Hainan, which is separated from the mainland of China

by the Gulf of Tonquin, and passing the Empire of Anan we enter the St. James River, eight degrees north of the equator—Far. 83. The river in width is about forty rods, the banks of which on either side are covered with dense jungles. The mango and banana tree were strangely intermingled with vines covered with flowers, while groups of monkeys keep up a perpetual chatter and bright plumed parrots were seen at every turn, to say nothing of the wild boar that were hid among the jungles. The low thatched huts along the shore, surrounded by the waving palm tree, looked rather attractive at a distance. The dress of the Coachin-Chinamen consists of long, loose flowing trousers, with a black or white robe falling from the shoulders, and a red or white turban on their heads. The heat at Saigon in October was oppressive, and we were advised to keep aboard the vessel till late in the evening. Our ride to the botanical gardens over smooth roads of red clay in the jinrikisha, with a bright turbaned coolie, was most picturesque amid the perfection of tropical growth of plants and trees. Convoys of storks, plumed golden pheasants, the Coachin China chickens, cages of monkeys, leopards and bears all amuse and entertain the traveler. Saigon is a French concession and has at least 100,000 inhabitants. Late in the afternoon the Governor General of Coachin China boarded the vessel with his son. Citizens in their white duck suits and pith helmets and soldiers escorted him to the steamer

in their bright uniforms with great ceremony to bid him bon voyage to France to negotiate a loan in behalf of a projected railroad. The governor wore the decoration of the Legion of Honor and was most dignified in his bearing.

A smooth sea and fair breeze made the next two days and a half fairly enjoyable, but the heat was overpowering at times; the nights were spent by many on deck, where the firmament could be enjoyed, as the Southern Cross was seen in its great beauty. Singapore, the next stopping place, afforded us a fine drive in a chariot through the country. These vehicles seat comfortably four persons, a charioteer, who drove, and an outrider seated behind. Their turkey-red calico sacques, with a white cheese cloth skirt and high red turban, gave them a showy appearance, while the diminutive animal which drew us in the most submissive fashion plodded his way over the well-rolled roads of red clay. The tropical growth of trees and shrubbery almost hid from view the bungalows of the better class of people. These buildings were one story in height, surrounded by wide verandas, the roofs of which were thatched with huge palm leaves, while the bamboo split in two formed excellent gutters to convey the water to the ground. Dates hung in profusion upon the trees alongside of the road, and bananas half as long as your arm were offered you, the taste of which is very unlike ours. The palm and rubber trees grow like the forest trees in our own land. The red and white arbis-

cus, running wild over trees and house, with the ox-eyed daisy, almost as large as the sunflower, and the marigold, which is the flower that the Indian idolater uses in his worship, grows in profusion here. The abundant moisture from frequent showers, followed by a blazing sunshine, produces that tropical luxuriance for which this portion of the Orient is celebrated. To sit upon the steamer's deck at early dawn one sees close to the horizon in the north the Pole Star, in the south a few degrees higher the constellation of the southern cross is in full view, while on land the scene of the greatest activity is at this hour. The rude cart, drawn by cream-colored, humped-back, reversed-horn cattle, driven by a coal-black Tamil in a bright red turban and perhaps a loin cloth, lends interest to the picture, and the superb shoulders of the natives are well exhibited, as they unload from barges drawn close to the steamer's side huge sacks of coal, which they heave to one another till they reach the hold of the vessel. This is performed mostly by women with a weird chant of "heave ho" that seems to render the task less irksome.

Singapore was purchased by the British. It is the greatest tin producing country in the world. Sago is grown in quantities and shipped to every port; it is the pith of the tree trunk. Here the gum of the rubber tree is gathered and dried in chunks, placed in gunny bags and sent to all quarters of the globe in the crude state. The rattan, which is elaborately woven by the

natives into chairs and other useful pieces of furniture, is light in weight and capable of great endurance. The tree grows like a palm to a great height, throwing above ground long tendrils extending a half mile. These are cut in lengths of thirty feet, soaked, scraped and ready for use. The indigo bush is cut and dried, then boiled, the sediment forming the dry substance exported. Tea is also cultivated successfully. Mangoes, yellow as pumpkins, in shape of pears, with disagreeable flavor, but most in favor with the natives, as well as the children of adoption, are the Dorean fruits, with custard-like contents, offensive to the smell, but agreeable to the taste. The business portion of the city is substantially built, but we were told that the use of opium, like the Upas tree, casts a blight on this fair country and its inhabitants. We invited a missionary to dine on the steamer with us. He conducted a boys' school of 600 pupils. The building cost $20,000, built by local contributions of the English and Chinese. They practice the Salvation Army methods in gathering audiences for Bible instruction, and those who accepted Christianity closely adhered to their vows.

We now enter the straits of Malacca, as smooth as a river, but clouds and showers render the atmosphere low and depressing. We meet on the steamer those who have spent years in this climate. A lady from Holland told me that it was so exhausting that life was almost unendurable. She spoke of the Queen of Hol-

land, the young "Wilhelmina," and of her mother, the Dowager Queen Emma, now acting as regent. She was the second wife of King William of Holland, and had this only daughter. He had three sons by his first wife, all deceased. This present widow was a German princess, and at this time (1895) was thirty-four years old and her daughter fifteen. It was very evident from the conversation of this Holland lady that Germans were in disrepute with her people—the Holland Dutch. From the straits we run into the Indian Ocean, "with a wet sheet and a flowing sea, and a wind that follows fast." To forget the swell I take up a sensational novel, "The Old Love and the New," but that influence is not enough to drive away mal de mer, that soon gets the better of the passengers and drives us to our cabins. Four days of sailing brings us to Ceylon's shores, where we fail to catch the spicy breezes of which we have so often sung. We are on deck early to realize the descriptions given of the southern coast of this island, then turn northward and round into the harbor of Colombo. The hotels and government buildings are located along the quay. The forest of cocoanut palms and the lofty peaks of the mountain form an impressive background. Ceylon is two-thirds as large as Ireland and is in possession of the English. Some English writer has said "that in the train of England's conquests comes the broadest, wisest and most tolerant statesmanship the world has ever witnessed. To

be humbled by her is to be exalted by her." There seemed a good feeling between the natives and their rulers. The Oriental Hotel swarms with people of all nations. Breakfast is served in your room, consisting of coffee, toast, fruit and sweets. Luncheon is a hasty meal, but dinner to the foreigner, served at 7 or 8 p. m., seems thoroughly enjoyable. The Englishman, dressed in black trousers, broad sash-belts of black or red silk, which seems to make more pronounced the smooth shirt bosom, with a spotless white pea-jacket, forms a refreshing costume. Ladies almost invariably are in low-neck black dresses, with a broad piece of white lace which droops gracefully as a bertha, with bright flowers in their hair, while a band of stringed instruments makes the scene enlivening. The broad arcade from which you enter the dining hall is after dinner filled to overflowing with guests seated around small tables, where brandy and coffee is served, and is the harvest time of the tradesmen, who are allowed to spread before you their embroideries, laces, jewels and baskets of curious workmanship and bright colors, together with elephants of ebony and ivory. Close to the entrance of the hotel are jugglers with their baskets of cobras, whose poisonous fangs have been extracted; together with the dwarfed trees which miraculously grow before your eyes, and divers tricks are performed to entertain the stranger and to earn for themselves a scant livelihood. The Singhalese and

Tamil women, men and children, whose features seemed carved in ebony, are of the Ayran race—so different from the Mongol Malay race. It is amusing when riding to be followed by the native children crying "No papa, no mamma, no rice." And when these claims are recognized they laugh immoderately and wait for other persons to attack with the same pathetic appeal. A drive to the Cinnamon garden, in the midst of which is a fine museum with a rare collection of sea urchins; these fasten themselves to a rock, in which with their black, stiff, cigar-shaped feelers they dig a cell, resembling machine work so accurate are they in their measurement to fit their bodies. Here we are shown the original tooth of Buddha, which looks more like a small tusk of an elephant. This is placed under a glass cover; the sea-horse suckling its young, the myriads of birds, besides every wild beast of the forest are finely preserved. The bungalows of more wealthy inhabitants are built along these beautiful drives, and are almost concealed by the dense foliage, and must necessarily be damp, as the sun's rays can scarcely enter. We are offered neatly bound bunches of camphor wood and cinnamon by children on the road, but which have little aroma left. The men are athletic in appearance, erect and graceful, hair black and curly. The Singhalese wear a circular shell comb to confine their glossy curls. The men are semi-clad; the women wear low-neck corset covers with an ample strip of cloth

that is pinned around the body for a skirt, which shows the ankles with their silver anklets, while the black neck and arms are adorned with gilt beads and bangles, the nose and lobes of the ear being pierced and fairly weighed down with jeweled rings. The deformity is appalling among the lower class; their only compensation is that the stranger never passes them by without bestowing some gift, denoting their sympathy. We are in Ceylon in the tail end of a monsoon (October 30). Such sheets of water, deluging alike streets and people, are scarcely heeded—so soon do the sun's rays dry up the roads. We take a cart drawn by two bullocks, goaded by a small boy, who sits on the yoke and so close to the animals that one can scarcely detect his mode of thrusting a sharp steel instrument into the body to make them move, but this is his great incentive, as he easily could outwalk them; it is the novelty that attracts, not the speed. We are landed close by the market, where all fish, fowl and vegetables are sold. We purchase a bunch of Betel leaves, neatly piled one upon the other. The nut of the same bush is cut into small pieces, mixed with a teaspoonful of slackened lime, and a little tobacco or more often opium. This mixture laid upon a leaf is rolled and we are asked to try it. We give that pleasure to our small boy or guide. One of these leaves will be material enough for two or three hours' pleasure, and the coolie is seldom seen without this delectable morsel in his mouth. He seldom

expectorates but seems to swallow the fluid, which is like red ink in color; the habit is most disgusting, but assuages hunger.

We frequently see on the children's naked body a cord around the loins. The placing of this is a religious ceremony, with a religious signification. The drive along the beach is grand, and the roads smooth. The crowds of English and Australians taking their evening outing, cheered by the music of the military band and stimulated by the dashing of the breakers on the sea-girt shore add to the pleasure. If you are walking you are waylaid at every step by some drummer who represents his own or the shop of some one whose jewels are displayed in the greatest profusion. Sapphires, diamonds, rubies and pearls and other stones are shown the customer until the eye fairly wearies of the sparkle. If you decide not to purchase them but to call again, woe be to you if you do not keep your word, as you are followed and the cry of "Lady, come back, you promised!" becomes a trifle wearisome.

To visit Kandy, situated eighteen hundred feet above the sea, in the mountains of the interior of Ceylon, we take passage on a railroad of marvelous engineering. To quote a traveler's words may give you some idea of the beauty of the views obtained: "As one skirts the flanks of the mountains and looks down into an enormous gorge, its sides clad with the most beautiful and varied foliage of flowers and trees, and on the level bottom

lands can be seen cascades, which are formed by the artificial lakes that overflow the exquisitely delicate green of the young rice." Our attention is directed to the Tollipot tree, which flourishes for sixty years, and blooms just before it dies. The bloom is at the top of the tree and reminded me of huge bunches of pampas grass. The distance from Colombo to Kandy is seventy-eight miles. Roundabout this region live the tea planters with their families. Kandy is a resort, during the summer season, for the inhabitants of the lowlands, and is built on the shore of a charming little lake, its banks shaded by the Tamarind and royal palms. The vine-clad bungalows add to its attractiveness. Within sight of the hotel is the Malagawa Buddhist temple, the most sacred of the shrines of Buddhism. We are again shown an actual tooth of the Deity, two and one-half inches long and one inch wide.

On the evening of our arrival a great festival was held at the temple. The procession was headed by eight standard bearers, dressed in full white skirts, followed by eight more in red costumes. Their waists were uncovered. They bore aloft flaming torches, followed by the most fantastically dressed musicians beating drums and dancing in a frantic manner. Close behind these were the "Devil dancers," four in number, whose skirts of gay-colored silks were elaborately studded with jewels and turbans to match.

These skirts were so full that when making their convolutions they looked like inflated balloons. The contortions of their bodies were painful to witness, and as the reflection from the torches lit up their faces one could but feel they were aptly named. Three elephants walked abreast, most gorgeously apparelled, and moved with a dignity most surprising. They wore jewelled masks, their bodies enveloped with jewelled mantles, while on the back of the center animal rested a gilded cage, in which, in a pagoda-shaped vessel, was the sacred tooth. Following the elephants were more drummers, more Devil dancers and other elephants, whose huge tusks were incased in gold. Each animal was closely guarded by his keeper, while riders sat astride in the most gorgeous-colored skirts and turbans. The chief man of the temple, representative of the old Kandy kings, rivaled Falstaff in his appearance. He wore a full white skirt, a large white hat, with a white mantle or cape thrown over his shoulders. His dignified tread was akin to that of Jumbo, and was greeted by all along the procession. We were told he was the banker of the village. During the August festival the procession is much more impressive, as three hundred elephants are in line. The festivities ended by a feast at the temple. Along each side of the entrance the poor of the village sat with their empty vessels, which were to be filled by those in author-

ity. Buddha was most conspicuous on the altar of the temple, carved woods and ivories surrounding the image, where later a dance was performed; but we were too unholy to be permitted to remain and witness it. A description of the Paradeniza gardens would be like attempting to picture to one's imagination the Garden of Eden. The two hundred and fifty varieties of palms, the bamboo, one hundred feet high and growing in clumps one hundred and fifty feet in circumference, give some idea of the tropical growth. We see spicy cinnamon, the chinchona, the upas tree, the latter bearing to a great height its lofty head, not unlike a palm in growth, with its bark gray and spotted like a snake. It is not indigenous to the soil, but comes from Java, where its dense groves are called the "Valley and Shadow of Death," and when I stood under its shade without knowing the tree, I will confess a superstitious fear came over me when I was told by our frightened guide that I was in danger. The candle tree produces a fruit shaped like a candle, but not edible. The traveler's palm gives the thirsty traveler a refreshing drink when an incision in the stem of its leaves is made. Cocaine grows in profusion, while alongside, coffee and tea plants and nutmegs and other spices grow apace. The Jacqueminot and La France roses grow to the size of saucers, while the orchids fasten themselves like grape vines over wooden props, beautiful and varied in color, and are native to the

jungles, brought therefrom and sold by coolies to the traveler for a pittance. The governor's palace is beautifully located. From its windows we gaze upon a beautiful river, while the grounds are watered from the spray of fountains. The palace was unoccupied and we were permitted to go through its spacious rooms and halls. The drives all about Kandy are fascinating, and are made more so by now and then a temple hid almost from sight, but of interest when visited, while the industrious weaver of straw mats, a yard and a half in length and a yard wide, meets us along the way, urging us to buy—a temptation we cannot resist, although we wonder what we shall do with them when we get them. But adieux must be made to Ceylon, with its spicy breezes, for the "Steamer Pekin" lies at anchor off Colombo which is to bear us over 1,300 miles to Calcutta, the voyage only broken by a short stay at Madras, where a brief visit is long enough, for the heat and dust are oppressive. We see the juggernaut car lying in disuse on the roadside under a temporary covering of a palm thatched roof. A most cumbersome vehicle, the wheels of which are so closely set together that one can imagine the poor victims over whose body it rolls, could easily be reduced to powder. Government interferes in its further usage, save in territories not easily managed. The official buildings are European, but the homes of the natives are

of burnt clay, with no windows—a small open door reveals its inmates stretched out sleeping, almost devoured by flies. The filth of the quarter makes it uninviting; the botanical garden is hardly worth the ride there. We take the only small vessel in use to carry us back to the steamer awaiting us in this beautiful Bay of Bengal. The governor's house is lofty in appearance, the exterior dingy from dust and dirt, but we are told the household appointments are magnificent, the decorations partly in the oriental and some of them in European style; servants by the score, hundreds of coolies who do nothing but keep the Punkas (swinging fans) in motion in every part of the building by day and night. The natives of Madras are quite dark in color, with straight hair and regular features, diminutive in stature, slender forms, with small hands and feet, and have a pensive look and manner. The deformity among the beggars is revolting, and we fear to alight from our chariot, lest we may come in contact with these poor, unfortunate beings. We learn that the wheels of government move slowly in these oriental countries. If an audience with the governor is desired, a book is given you in which the name of the solicitor is registered. At the end of two weeks the governor gives notice that he will give a public breakfast at the palace, and those who have registered their

names will be received and their requests will be heard. Time seems not to be considered of any import.

The calm waters of the Bay of Bengal, with its southern breezes, makes the journey pleasant, as the traveler seeks his extended chair on deck of the steamer, protected from the scorching sun by its broad awnings. On entrance to the Hoogly River, a native pilot comes aboard—for here the ever-moving sands render navigation uncertain and perilous—until the dangerous sand bars of the James and Mary rivers are passed; every sailor must be at his post as the steamer wends its way through the treacherous channel, and each passenger silently congratulates himself when he is assured the Rubicon is past. The bottom of these rivers is a vast quicksand. The vessel entering must await the tide. The banks are low and sandy. Straw thatched huts, shaded by clusters of date palms, gave a picturesque appearance to the shores, and the tropical growth grew richer and more dense as we approached Calcutta. The excitement on arrival of the steamer is intense; custom house officers present themselves; all baggage is ordered from the cabins on deck, even to the smallest hand-bag; search is made for fire arms; strict laws regarding them are enforced, and if you are unfortunate enough to have one in your possession, as was one of our party, you are quickly relieved of it, and only by paying as much as the original price, with much red tape, are you enabled to regain it.

INDIA.

India, in 1892, had a population of 300,000,000. The area of the land on which they live is equal to the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. Much of it is uncultivated; other lands yield crops under irrigation. The soil in places has become exhausted by use without manure. Between monsoons (that is, periods of no rainfall), these regions cease to produce and there is a scarcity.

Regions cultivated by irrigation are enhanced in value, for the products bring better prices, but when rivers and tanks dry up from which water for irrigation is drawn, then scarcity becomes a famine, where the rain has failed. There are two annual crops in India; the former inferior grade is used for home consumption, the other for export. Of the army, seventy thousand strong, forty per cent are incapacitated by diseases. Civil servants are superannuated at fifty-five years of age and are sent home on a pension, seldom enjoying life longer than two years afterward.

Seven per cent native males read and write; only one per cent native females can read or write. The different castes will not intermarry and will not touch each other's food.

Calcutta is a city of 500,000 inhabitants, of these, 14,000 are Europeans.

The streets of the English concession are broad and well laid out. Fine hotel buildings, banks and storehouses line the main thoroughfare. The hotels have broad verandas extending from the second floor, over the sidewalk, affording a cool resting place for the guests, and would be most acceptable were it not for the myriads of insects that cover you. The protection these porches afford at night to the natives who, wrapped in their cotton blankets, lie closely huddled together along the sidewalk, while scarcely leaving room enough for a pathway for the pedestrian serve to exempt them (the natives) from the dews of the night. The palace of the viceroy, centrally located, is surrounded by beautiful grounds, with magnificent shade trees. It is built upon the grand esplanade, three miles in length, and skirts the water's edge. From the hours of 5:00 till 8:00 p. m. this grand avenue presents a lively appearance, for all the elite of Calcutta seems gathered there. Handsome victorias drawn by beautiful horses, coachmen and footmen, with their bright turbans and oriental dress, lends enchantment to the view and reminded one of the display Aladdin made when he went to claim his bride. In the Garden of Eden, near by, a band of forty native musicians, well trained, discourse sweet music—the latest European airs. During the performances all vehicles must remain in one posi-

tion, thus affording the scores of flower venders opportunity to move noiselessly roundabout the carriages, offering the beautiful orchids, camellias and roses, for a small pittance, to the occupants. To say nothing of toy monkeys, which one cannot resist buying. The European residence quarters lie along this beautiful, sun-baked road. The houses are large and well built, with the luxuriant surroundings of tropical growth that almost hide the homes from view. On every veranda is the tea table, with its urn or samovar; all English observe the hour of 4:00 o'clock to serve the necessary stimulant at home and abroad. The city is supplied with water from the Hoogly River, gathered into large reservoirs, and filtered. The Esplanade is sprinkled by the native coolie, who, from his well-filled goatskin, moves gracefully in a surpentine fashion over its well rolled surface; while the streets in the business portion are watered from carts managed by women. A visit to the crematory at the early dawn,—the hour set apart for burning their dead—is interesting, but horrible, to witness. A building of 100 feet is located upon the bank of the river. At intervals of ten feet on its earthen floor are trenches, dug the length of a body; they do not exceed two feet in depth, if that. In this excavation is placed some clean straw and sandal wood with myrrh and sweet perfumes. Upon this is laid, first crosswise and then

lengthwise, sticks of cordwood, and a fresh bed of straw, upon which the body is laid. The body of an aged woman was brought in for cremation while we stood there. It was wrapped in white cheese cloth and rested on the bed upon which she died, which is their custom to burn. It is the length of the body, made of rope interlaced; at each end are two small wooden legs which support the wooden sides and are, in height, like the old-fashioned trundle bed. The winding sheet was removed, the body anointed with oil and rubbed with saffron powder. The face, which was most emaciated and betrayed great suffering, was completely besmeared with this mixture. The body was then placed face downwards on the pile. Being somewhat longer than the bed prepared for it, the limb from the knee was bent towards the body. The cracking of the dry bones was most grewsome. The body had a fresh wrap of cheese cloth thrown over it, the face having her caste designated by lines of ashes on her forehead, made by a priest, and sticks of cordwood were placed crosswise and then lengthwise so close together that the entire body was concealed. A pitcher of water from the sacred Hoogly River, nearby, was brought and thrown over the pile. Then the nearest relative of the deceased ran violently around the body seven times, crying in a loud voice to the gods that another soul was awaiting reincarnation, while a wild-eyed, maniacal-look-

ing priest took up a huge bunch of straw and made the circuit seven times, giving vent to the most uncanny wail, when the son or husband of the dead touched the burning torch to the straw underneath; soon all was ablaze. The mourners, a few women, withdrew, and a man, whose office it is, stood near by, and as the arms or legs or pieces of burning wood fell, would replace them with a pitch fork. Scores of bodies were brought in that morning, but seeing two cremations was all we needed to make an indelible impression not easily eradicated. It requires about two hours to reduce the body to ashes, or a granulated substance, when it is gathered and thrown into the holy river, and the excavation is made clean for another body.

The Ghats or sacred steps leading down to the waters of the Hoogly are in the same vicinity. Throngs of bathing pilgrims, of both sexes, were gathered for their morning ablutions. After wading out nearly waist deep, they would place their hands reverently together, and apparently after a prayer with great earnestness, dip themselves three times into the water, and those who had flowers (the marigold seemed the favorite), as they prayed would cast them upon the waters one by one, then scour their feet, rinse their mouth and wash their garment, filling a brass vessel which hung to their side with the holy water, and proceed to the well situated under a Boho tree at

the head of a Ghat, when they would sprinkle the diminutive gods that were placed there. Priests stood in readiness with paint and ashes and made upon their foreheads the mark of their caste, for which they received a compensation. At a time during the eclipse of the moon, 100,000 pilgrims often find their way to this holy water. It seems as if half their lives are spent in making these pilgrimages in these eastern countries, and if they die far from the holy stream, they are cremated and their ashes sent to some priest, whose office is to make the consecration before sprinkling them on the sacred rivers.

We turn from this scene, not wishing to obliterate the memory, but to forget for awhile in other and perhaps no less disgusting scenes in the native quarters. We are warned to make our visits few, for contagious diseases lurk in these narrow streets and among these filthy people.

We enter narrow lanes, in these quarters, flanked on either side by tumbled-down houses. We are in pursuit of pearls. Strange surroundings for such beautiful gems. We are led into a narrow hall and up a long flight of steps of stone, so worn by the tread of time that we could scarcely keep our foothold. We reach a chamber fronting on a court. The floors are covered with padded matting over which were sheets spread. Kneeling, or rather squatting on these were natives busily

employed sorting pearls. Before each were piles of different sizes. The wonderful dexterity displayed by these coolies in separating the large, medium and smaller seed pearls from each other in parcels, by or through the sense of touch of the index finger, seemed to convey to their minds weight and size.

A table or counter was in one end of this room, behind which were seated dignified patriarchal looking dealers, and evidently owners of the establishment. We were shown diamonds of such weight and brilliancy that fairly bewildered us and dazzled our eyes. Emeralds, sapphires, and pearls of different colors (black, pink and white), the former of such size that we almost doubted their genuineness. Evidently we were in a wholesale department, for while there, there came in foreign buyers collecting many of these precious stones. Prices were fixed. The dealers were in touch with the world's market, and values ruled accordingly; there seemed no chance to barter. Our address is taken when we decline to purchase, which means that we will be followed to the hotel by a native who will there unfold the wonders of India's product again to us—specimens even more tempting than those shown in the shops. Our lack of confidence in ourselves as experts and a growing distrust of the dealer makes a breach between buyer and seller. In these places where gems are kept the stock ofttimes seems meager, and

we manifest our disappointment, but are at once assured that their supply is large, but at the present time the rarest and most costly have been sent to some Maha Rajah who makes regal purchases, and those he declines, perhaps from his sufficiency, are returned for sale to those whose love for gems is weighed in a balance with their purse.

An English lady artist who was solicited to paint the portrait of one of these Rajahs in his own palace, and to abide in the premises during her time of labor, told me her powers of description failed her in the attempt to portray to others what the coffers of these rulers of provinces contained, and with which they adorned themselves on state occasions, and to convey to canvas their beauties, would have been the work of the Hand that created them.

Calcutta, city of palaces, has a number of theaters, one of which we attended. The evening was warm; the audience quite large. In the gallery sat parties in groups; over each stood stalwart coolies, in whose hands were held a long-handled palm-leaf fan. Not for one moment did they falter, but with an unerring movement, gracefully and uninterruptedly handled this cumbersome article, which must have had a soothing effect. The play was not well supported; now and then was pleasure or displeasure manifested by the audience in a loud voice speaking, we were told, direct to the actors. After the play was over

(by the way, it was long drawn out) the foyer rapidly filled and great hilarity prevailed. Full dress, now in evidence among the ladies, and gentlemen with their tall silk hats and boutonierres looked most like English swells, while those in Oriental dress were not eclipsed in brilliant coloring.

The insect life in Calcutta was most annoying. Before going to the theatre I had left a small flicker from the gas jet in my room and the windows open. What was my dismay on returning to find the originally whitewashed walls of my apartment of a dull grey appearance. I doubted if my steamer trunk had not been transferred in my absence to a more sombre looking chamber, but on my appeal to Brahma, my servant, who lay at my door, he assured me that it was innumerable shad flies (as we would call them) which had been caught by the glare and had lined walls and ceilings and covered my bed spread. Dust pans and brushes were in requisition, counterpane shaken, and lace mosquito netting drawn down and tucked in before I felt like retiring for the night. To attempt to read by an overhanging light was simply impossible, for the print of paper or book would be completely obscured by these pestiferous creatures, and when we sought an outside veranda that we might, in the darkness, at least, carry on a conversation, they would fly down one's

throat, when we opened our mouths. Imagine what a sacrifice this was to be compelled to be dumb, when we had so much to say.

In traveling through India a body servant is indispensable. He lies at the door of your sleeping apartment, waits upon you at the table, buys your ticket, cares for your baggage and divers other attentions are rendered by the patient but most indolent Mohammedan. We are advised not to employ a Hindoo servant, as they refuse to serve flesh or fowl to you at the table; according to their religious belief, it would be pollution.

At 9:15 p. m., Nov. 18, 1895, we find ourselves in a most comfortable compartment car, with shower bath and other conveniences. Alongside, but not connected in a way that we could speak to them only by calling from the car window or door, was the apartment designated for servants. They lie down at night on the floor with an extra cotton wrap, which is used for the purpose, and I fancy they use their turban for their pillow. To our party of four we were entitled to an entire compartment, and no intrusion can be made en route, on our privacy. On either side of the car are long, cushioned seats, well upholstered and covered with dark green leather; over these are suspended corresponding ones which, if not in use, are thrown to the ceiling, where they are made secure. At the one end is a shorter seat (width of the car) and at the

opposite side a door leads into a toilet room. The traveler provides his own bedding, which consists of pillows or cushions, and steamer blankets or shawls. The nights are cold, but the heat through the day, were we not in motion, would be insupportable, together with the dust that arises along the road, for lack of rain, adds nothing to our comfort. Our coolies, if called upon to roll up our bedding, whether from lack of inclination or from physical weakness we know not, would look morose, or call in, if at a station, additional help to share in the labor, and never fail at the end of the day to ask for compensation for the annas expended on their co-workers.

I could better appreciate the statement made by an English missionary from the Isle of Wight that he kept sixteen servants in his own household (and he was a bachelor); that no one coolie would perform what he himself considered to be the work of two men. I must confess to their indolence, but it appeared to me a trifle extravagant for a dependant upon the missionary board. He was a most agreeable gentleman, however, and I am under many obligations for a prescription which enabled me, when I had it filled, to accomplish my sight seeing, and travel in India, our own remedies having no effect in that country or climate. In returning to the question of manual labor: the working of the "punkas," or swinging fans, alone required many

men, to keep the air in motion for the comfort of people. In the hotel dining room these fans were hung on wires, stretched at intervals the entire length and breadth of the salon, say five feet apart. The material used was a white or drab drilling (cotton cloth) made into huge box plaits; wire or rope was attached to and drawn above these punkas to holes in the wall, which separated the dining room from a corridor. There sat, or rather squatted, a dozen, more or less, coolies with these wires either in their hands or fastened to their feet, and would sway to and fro, causing a vibration in the air that was most acceptable in these warm climates, while eating.

The native coolies are neither scrupulously truthful nor honest, indolent to a degree, rather sullen, but to all appearances submissive. They are fond of stimulants, more especially opium and tobacco. In traveling you are under the surveillance of your servants, fearing you may make some purchase without their knowledge, causing them to lose a commission to which they feel themselves entitled for having directed your steps or attenion to the shop of the dealer.

They receive their stipulated wages, traveling expenses defrayed by the employer, but added to this is a constant appeal to your sympathies; for instance: "I am just in receipt of news from home. My son is lying (great stress on son) very ill. My mother has no money to employ a doctor. What am I to do if the good lady

will not assist me to send some help to her?" It has been proven that these same applicants have no family and have recklessly spent their allowance in riotous living on their journey. We have to provide a winter outfit if it is cold, such as a night blanket of cotton cloth, and some clothing—for during the heated term clothing is unnecessary—and pay for the return trip to their home, without we find travelers going the same route we have just taken, and if the servants have merited a recommendation we give it to them and are thus relieved ourselves. We found one of the tricks of the trade was for the coolie to secure a returning party—we will say, to make ourselves lucid, from Bombay to Calcutta—but to keep the matter secret from us so that we might give them a return ticket, which they could easily sell. In spite of our experience there must be some good and true natives, for her majesty, Queen Victoria, has for her closest body-servant the Indian, chosen for his submission and faithfulness.

Our journey to Benares was at night, because of the freedom from dust and heat. The early dawn found us awake and peeping out of shutters for a sight of the country through which we were passing. The stations are well built, and crowds of natives, men and women, flock there on arrival of trains, offering for sale flowers, sweets, fruits, the cocoanut, lemons and a sort of banana. At your desire the cocoanut, nicely scraped and clean, will be broken so that

you may quaff at your leisure what must be to them a delicious cool drink—a little goes a good way with me. It is well to be supplied with plenty of their small coin, for they are so slow in making the necessary change that the car has proceeded on its way before they have accomplished the task.

The experience of one of our party was a lesson to us. A gentleman from California, desiring some nuts or fruit, gave in exchange a pound in gold—all he had at hand. The train started, but all in vain were his protestations; the speed increased, and what was most provoking, was to see at a safe distance the naked boy running, apparently, trying to overtake us, but laughing immoderately at the joke—he will get his reward. This reminds me of a story to the point. On one occasion in my own native land I had an appeal made for help for a poor family. Having often allowed my heart to run away with my head, I determined this time to be forearmed. So I visited the house of distress, found things clean and tidy, but cupboards empty and a man in bed, supposed to be the husband of the woman who had sought my aid. It was with apparent difficulty he spoke to me. I hurried to order from the adjacent market a full supply for several days. After exhausting my strength I felt myself unable to go farther into the city where I could replace an undershirt his loving spouse said had been stolen from the clothes line, and his need of a change was most

pressing. On my way home, tired and footsore, I resolved to call on a neighboring friend where gentlemen were more plentiful than with me, and ask for cast-off underwear. On interrogating me, my friend laughed to see my distress, and informed me it was an old trick of the woman. The sick man was a perfectly strong, well man—and rarely was the same man on exhibition. Alack, for me! I had, during the day, met our pastor, Mr. Monroe Gibson, and begged that he might call at his earliest convenience, lest the dying man might go out of the world without a prayer, for his soul's salvation. In the twilight I retraced my steps to tell Mr. Gibson how, in common parlance, "I had been sold." After a sympathetic look, he in his Scotch brogue said: "Well, never mind; you remember the man who put a crown in the contribution box where he intended to put a penny and, on retiring from the church, went to the man who had charge of the alms box and told him that he had made a mistake. The pastor did not offer to refund it, but simply said: 'Brother, you will have your reward in heaven'" (for a good intention, not for the amount given).

Low mud houses, hid among the palms, afforded shelter from the sun during the noonday hours. Men, women and children, the former and latter nude or scantily clad, grouped together along the road; the faces of the women were partially veiled. The scene is rather pic-

turesque, with the chatter of the monkeys and the singing of bright plumaged birds. They lend some animation to the otherwise barren prospects. We learn there are common schools throughout the country for the male population, but women are uneducated except in religious art and duties. Government no longer tolerates the wife sacrificing her body on the pyre of her dead husband; but death is preferable to a life of widowhood, owing to the self-denial forced upon her by his family.

The climate of India is conducive to economy in clothing, as little, if any, is needed. The diet of the native would be starvation in a cooler clime. A mud hut gives the needed shelter, and the offal of the animals, dried in cakes on the sides of their hovels, give them sufficient fuel to boil their rice and other vegetables. The masses have never known anything but oppression; they are apparently kind to man and beast. We never heard any wrangling, nor witnessed any street brawls. A native will step aside, rather than tread upon an ant, which is the pest of the country.

Benares is sixteen hours' ride from Calcutta, a distance of 450 miles. We find there Clark's Hotel patronized by tourists, on the outskirts of the city, a refreshing looking spot and most restful bungalow. We rested under the cool shades of the palm trees until a favorable hour, and then drove to the "Holiest of Holy Cities," situated on the Ganges river, once alike holy to the Buddhist

as it is now to the Hindoo. The sacred, the three-fold divine river, runs, according to their religion, through Heaven, Hell and Earth. To die on its banks, and to have one's ashes thrown upon its bosom, is a through ticket to Paradise. Troops of men, women and children, tired and footsore, are met wending their way to the shrines. To bathe in the Ganges is to wash away all sins.

Crowds throng the narrow, dusty streets; the women rather gracefully attired, with a profusion of silver ornaments, ear-rings, nose-rings, bracelets and bangles; the men nude or with a scant loin cloth. The houses are built of clay, sun baked, some of brick, stuccoed, ancient as time in appearance, unfit for habitation, but are grouped among the shops and temples in close proximity. The monkey temple is especially interesting, surrounded by well wooded grounds where the monkeys frisk and frolic all day long and are fed by an admiring crowd, who regard them as sacred animals. These temples are reached by a long flight of stone steps,which I found myself slowly climbing, when, without warning, I was rudely pushed to one side. On looking around, I saw a diminutive grey cow ascending the steps with great dignity, and it was the contact with this animal that had so shocked me. I quickened my gait, and in my attempt to get out of the way, I rushed into the first opening that met my view, which proved to be the entrance to the temple

grounds, set apart for these sacred cows. The animal was close beside me and I vaulted like a school boy to a neighboring ledge of rock. I became agile from fear, but the fright occasioned by the cow's triumphant entry was nothing to the brandishing of arms of the natives in charge. I was brushed aside like a fly in the sacred enclosure, where no heretic was allowed to enter. Truly, I felt far from home! Garlands of marigolds, kept fresh at wells of water, are sold to devotees to lay at the feet or to encircle the gods of brass and stone that are seen in every direction. We are not permitted to enter a Hindoo temple, but get a glimpse in passing of their tinselled gaudiness. This seething caldron, where beasts usurp the rights of men, women and children, who are all bowing down to objects of wood and stone, is a sight one may long for—but once in a lifetime is quite satisfactory, and we gladly withdraw.

The early dawn of day finds us driving through the already crowded streets on our way to the "Ghats." Boats lie in readiness to convey us along the sacred shore of the Ganges, for but one bank is consecrated; the opposite shore seems a dreary waste. For miles homes and sacred structures are reared; here and there massive ruins attest the powers of the Ganges' floods on solid masonry. From a distance it is picturesque, but on close inspection has a most dilapidated appearance. The well-built stone steps, or Ghats, are crowded at this

early hour with pilgrims and devotees wrapped in their white robes. They wade out into the holy stream, bowing and drinking double hands full of water, so nauseous in appearance, and taking off from themselves garlands of marigolds, throw them on the surface of the water, then wash their mouths, and return on shore for certain ministrations that the priests stood in readiness to perform for them, which seemed to complete the purification. Their caste was manifested by certain marks made with ashes or paint on their foreheads.

From the upper deck of our small steamer we overlook the ceremony of cremation, not unlike that we had seen in Calcutta. The bodies were wrapped in crimson-colored cheese cloth and laid upon a rude bier composed of two poles, laced together with rope; so near the water were these bodies placed that the feet were completely covered. We were told that very sick persons were brought when dying, and the immersion in the holy water would bring about a reaction, and restoration to health would ensue. No mourners were around the body, and those who ministered at the cremation were ostracized socially, being considered unclean for a certain length of time, and are of the lowest caste. The sheik who has charge of the burning has the ashes thoroughly sifted to secure any jewelry that may have been on the body, and as theft is often committed by the men employed to rake up the ashes, great disputes arise in consequence.

The colossal form in stone of the "God Beem" lies prostrate on the ground, and women in peril of childbirth come in throngs on moonlight nights to pray for the safe deliverance of a son; girls are at a discount in the Orient. We saw a man stretched upon a bed of spikes, paying penance for some sin committed, or to find favor by self-abnegation with his god. When we appeared, incredulous as to the actual facts, the man arose to show the pierced flesh and the sharp points of which his bed was composed. The upholding of an arm until the flesh withers, and the limb stiffens, is most revolting. These devotees allow their finger nails to become so extended that they look like claws, or more like the roots of a tree seen in Ceylon, which lie on top of the ground. We are privileged to visit the palace of the Maha Rajah, which is quite a distance from Benares and on the unconsecrated shore of the Ganges. Numbers of naked coolies run along the shore, pulling with all their strength on the ropes attached to the boat. When we arrive opposite the palace we are transferred to a raft, which is rowed and pushed to the landing. The gloomy structure rises before us, and the approach to it is rather intricate, through courtyards much littered up with debris. As we enter with our guide, we are informed of the Rajah's absence from home, but we are permitted to wander through rooms most inhospitable in appearance. A few pictures adorn the walls and some handsome

bric-a-brac is scattered here and there. We are told that the Rajah himself is most hospitable, and much more would have been shown us had he been at home. The great attraction in making this visit is to see the hundreds of elephants and tigers he has in his possession, but "the shades of night were falling fast" and we declined any further delay.

Our trip to Benares was much more rapid on returning. We floated down the Ganges by moonlight; it was a grewsome scene. We were gathered together on the deck of our steamer, while our guide, at our feet, was beguiling the weary hours by his weird tales. Visions of crocodiles, awaiting their prey, float before our eyes; lights from the shore grew indistinct, and our little group most abject; but the landing place at length was in sight, and we had kept our carriage awaiting our return. We were driven through dark, narrow streets to the garden of a temple, where lived the holy man of Benares. We remained in our vehicle until our guide ascertained whether we could have an interview. It was 9:00 p. m., but being American tourists, we were admitted. He was a man apparently sanctified by his mode of living, not unlike that of Buddha. He was emaciated, and as we approached him, he arose from his cot not entirely nude, but a simple loin cloth was his only clothing. A canopy was above his bed, and that was his home, day and night. He is a profound Hindoo scholar, and without

doubt will be canonized after death. His manner toward us was most cordial and especially towards the one of our group who hailed from Chicago. He spoke through an interpreter, saying that the governor of Chicago had called on him before the World's Fair, urging the holy man to visit him at the time of the exhibition, but he could not think of ever leaving India. He then sent for his book of registration and showed us the name registered as Carter H. Harrison. We were asked to write our names, which we did, and were then offered by an attendant fruits and given a book containing his own life to date. He was born in 1833, married at twelve years of age, and was a father at eighteen. Like Buddha, he withdrew from all natural ties and set himself apart for a religious life. When asked if he did not feel the cold night air to be injurious, his reply was in his graceful gesture pointing heavenward, and in his signal language made us understand that under a watchful eye no harm could befall him.

The country from Benares to Lucknow is but little different from what we have already passed, though the distance is 190 miles. Population, 250,000. Manufacturers of carpets, rugs, gold lace and embroideries are found here, and seemingly the natives are interested in their employment, but are poor and oppressed. The remains of mausoleums and palaces attest former grandeur before its ownership was absolutely in the hands of its conquerors. Hotel

accommodations are poor. We drove to the park to "Leeundea Bagh," where during the mutiny of 1857 two thousand mutineers were killed within two hours—Sir Colin Campbell under command. The residency was built in 1800 by Sahondah Ally Kahn. During the mutiny it contained only 927 Europeans, who were besieged by the rebels. Shot and shell marks are to be seen in the walls. The Fort Mueks' Bhawan, built during the famine as relief work at great cost, is of much interest; also a museum filled with objects of curiosity. Lucknow, famous in song, ran through my mind as we looked in vain for a Lalla Rookh, the imaginary character of the poet Moore.

Cawnpoor, thirty miles further on, with 130,000 inhabitants, presents large industries of leather work, rice mills and jute manufactories. The drive to the beautiful park, which now crosses the battlefield, is most interesting. The stately monument of pure white marble, surmounted by a female figure, with widespread wings, and in each hand a palm of most exquisite workmanship, combined with gracefulness. An English officer stands near by ready to give you a brief but graphic account of the mutiny. The monument stands on the spot over the great well, into which were thrown alive 700 men, women and children, who were hurled into it in one day by the order of Nana Sahib. A beautiful memorial church not far away has been erected in memory of the loved

and lost. We enter during vesper hours; such perfect peace and quiet reigns in and around this sacred spot, where many English men and women were gathered at the service. It seemed so isolated to me so far from home. The drives in the vicinity are fascinating, yet the rice fields were beginning to grow scarce and less grass was seen. We journey on. Wheat fields appear more frequently; apparently no demarkation between land of different owners. Trees are scarce, but the excrement of cattle is sun baked and used for fuel. The homes of the people are mud-walled pens, huddled together, surrounded by walls of the same material. This grouping of homes, such as they were, attracted our attention all along our journey. This is evidently for protection. No isolated farm houses, with the comforts of life, were in evidence.

The pay of the laborers who construct the railroad is three annas a day (2¼ cents); an English-speaking servant will get 34 cents a day (one rupee and four annas) for food. We do not realize how thickly settled the country is in traveling on the railroad, but by and by we see the mud-walled village again with its hundreds of inhabitants, who rush out on the approach of the train, the women and children crying piteously for backsheesh. The wealth and strength of the past ages is now seen in their morgues, mausoleums and palaces, many

of them wrecks of their former beauty, but patience and long years of toil are evident in their crumbling walls.

The Punjab country lies between the five great branches of the Indus River. The men here are magnificent specimens of physical development. The Sikh soldiers are the handsomest known. We see them acting as policemen at Hongkong, and we stop to admire their erect carriage and military tread. There is one defect, however, in the anatomy of the men of India; they have no calves to their legs. The Sikh is less servile than any other tribe, hard fighters, but attain to more or less civility in their contact with Europeans.

Our next stopping place to Benares was Aigra, so full of interest; namely, the Fort; the Pearl Mosque, the imperial palace, built by Abkur, the grandfather of Shah Jehan; the palace of wonders; its walls inlaid with agates, topaz, tagula and other more precious stones. The rooms set apart for the harem women are exquisitely beautiful. The oriental imagination must have lost itself in the construction and adornment of this palace. The apartments built for his favorite wife, with a boudoir and marble baths—the water furnished for the latter was delicately perfumed—and walls, mirrored with small pieces of glass, looked like the firmament in its brightness, but it remained for Shah Jehan to astonish the world with the mausoleum built for his (not the most

correct) wife. The Tag Mahal, the tomb of his sultana, Montag Mahal, is the most beautiful creation in marble in existence. We are told she was beautiful; her devotion to Shah Jehan was proverbial, and his for her idolatrous. Her dying request was that her husband should never take for himself another wife, and in her memory should build a tomb that could have no rival, and one that all the world would admire. "Tag" is a pet name of endearment; "Mahal" means great or beautiful; "Montag Mahal," the chosen of the palace. In the words of another I will describe the Tag Mahal, as I know no more fitting words to use. "Passing through a majestic Saracenic arch, eighty feet in height, supported by two abutments of sand stone, on the panels of which are carved passages from the Koran, is a long vista of cypress trees, shading a marble paved canal, on either side of which are beds of flowers and crystal fountains. At the end of this magic avenue stands the "Tag" on a terrace; at either corner of this square is an edifice of sandstone, with a dome of the same material. The "Tag" is built of polished white marble, its oriental dome shaped like a globe, tapering up into a spire surmounted by a golden crescent. The platform upon which the "Tag" is placed is a square of 313 feet each side and eighteen feet in height. From each of the corners rise four lesser domes of the same matchless marble, forming graceful min-

arets. By moonlight and by sunset we gaze upon this Arabian night or day dream. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Italian, Sarascenic and Persian are all suggested in its architecture, and we are told that Shah Jehan expected to build for himself a tomb of black polished marble within sight, but on the other side of the River Jumna, but the depleted state of the treasury caused alarm in the mind of his son; fearing he would be impoverished, he made his father a prisoner in the imperial palace. We stood in the room wherein he had lain in his dying hours, and gazed out of the windows, as he did, upon the beautiful vision which was within his sight, his last wish was gratified, and his earthly vision failed in the view he had of Montag's tomb. He looked out beyond the Jumna, as the western sun's rays kissed the pure white marble, reflecting on its polished surface—the reflex it may have been of a heavenly vision, vouchsafed only to those who pass the portals.

Delhi, the next station en route, notwithstanding the dust and heat, has its attractions. The Bungalow Hotel is kept by an Englishwoman who, with her sons, had a number of hostelries in India and along the tourist line of travel. This one offered but few comforts. The proprietress assured me that they would soon build a good hotel, as travel demanded it. She evidently had received a telegram that we were on our way from her son's place, at

whose table we had sat at Aigra. She sent her private conveyance for us to the depot, and received us herself with some cordiality, and was much gratified to learn of our pleasant memories of Aigra, with its tombs, temples, and its exquisite embroideries—the best we saw in India—woven of the finest texture and wrought upon with such delicacy that we could scarce realize that the dark, swarthy fingers of those poor native Indians could work out such marvels. We bought handsome table decorations in embroidered satin and bemoaned that we did not get more, after we were too far away to retrace our steps.

One of the attractions of Delhi is the tower of Kutah Mina, rising to a height of 240 feet, divided into five stories, built of red, buff and pink sandstone. The column, or tower, is of fluted architecture for most of the height, and decorated at intervals with layers of white marble slabs. We were told it was built for a favorite daughter of the ruling monarch, that she might, from its height, view the Holy River Jumna, which was at a great distance from her home. According to the tale told us, this tower must be ascended before she broke her morning fast. Near by stands the iron pillar, nearly a foot and a half in diameter and over forty feet high above the ground. It is a solid shaft of malleable iron, the natives claim its foundation is laid in the center of the earth. To see the tower and iron

pillar necessitates a ride of eleven miles through dust and dirt and but little of any interest along the wayside. We visited the tomb of Johanara, the daughter of Shah Jehan, who shared her father's captivity. Pure in spirit and humble she chose a plain block of marble or alabaster, to cover her grave, screened by a delicately wrought white marble. The epitaph inscribed on her tomb reads:

"Place naught but one green herb above my head;
This alone befits the poor and lonely dead."

Pious monks keep fresh grass on her tomb; a slab at the head of the grave bears this inscription in Arabic: "God is life and the resurrection." The shops are attractive and we find and purchase some ivories and, if one cares for the likeness of Shah Jehan, they will be able to purchase paintings in miniature of him and his wife, done on porcelain. Whether or not true to nature, we are unable to judge. Beautiful pink pearls are shown us. How often I have regretted not buying some of them; we never found them so perfect after leaving Delhi. The enameled bracelets are shown in great variety, and yet we pass them by.

Jeypore is a typical Indian city, twelve hours by rail from Delhi. The streets are wide and well watered, the houses of stucco, gaudily painted in hieroglyphic designs, are two and three stories high. In the middle of the streets, at intervals of two or three squares, are stone

wells, around which rested diminutive gods of wood and stone. In the early morning hours the natives lay an offering of flowers before these idols and wash their hands or faces in the water and go on their way rejoicing. Innumerable pigeons, regarded as sacred, swarm in the streets, where they are fed.

We spend Thanksgiving day (November, 1895) in Jeypore, sight-seeing, our hearts longing for the dear ones at home. In our wanderings we met a wedding party. The bride, we are told, was twelve years old, the groom twenty-one. They were seated in a gaudily decorated car, drawn by oxen. A scarlet canopy, with India shawl draperies, hung gracefully down and almost concealed the little veiled lady; she wore a scarlet wrap. The groom elect, sat Turkish fashion, wore a tall hat and looked most solemn. We entered a bazaar, where bronze and lacquer were for sale, together with ancient armor, kept by one Mr. Zoroaster, a man of distinction. While on the second floor of the building, overlooking a court-yard, some gaily dressed veiled women came in and began to beat their tomtoms. Mr. Zoroaster remarked: "It is only on great occasions that my sister ever leaves her home. It is she who is below, accompanied by her women in waiting, and have come to bid my family to the wedding of her daughter." He told us the bride and groom were wealthy, and that her father was to give

a feast to five thousand people on this, their wedding day. He, Mr. Zoroaster, told us the dress of his sister for the occasion cost 2,000 rupees. It was crimson, embroidered in gold, a fluted skirt; many yards in width. Her bracelets and bangles were studded with jewels. The band played as the procession moved slowly through the streets.

The palace of the Mahah Rajah was opened for inspection; the rugs were rolled; the furniture covered and, as the Rajah was away from home, things seemed neglected. Pigeons were stalking around and in the palace, and rare birds of bright plumage seemed to the manor born as they stood or flew in and out at their own sweet will. Hundreds of elephants were kept on these grounds and owned by the Maha Rajah. It was an imposing sight to see these clumsy but dignified animals with their oriental trappings and painted ear flaps. The coloring was most harmonious. Horses innumerable were in the stables and were with their care keepers, making ready for their daily outing. It is a scene, when elephants, horses and tigers are led through the streets and, perhaps, witnessed nowhere else in such regal splendor. Camels stalked through the highways with their burdens; panther dogs, led by their masters, strolled leisurely along; in fact, one might feel it was a gala day and a menagerie on exhibition. There are public cages here; lions and tigers can be seen within the

city's limit. Around these cages, where the crowds gather, come the poor, wretched, deformed beggars, heart-rending to gaze upon—to say nothing of the loathsome lepers, which were more hideous than the wild beasts.

A school of fine arts, sustained by the rulers of Jeypore, was well equipped with men and boys, who were industriously and skillfully beating and moulding brass into useful and decorative articles. Pottery, and especially lacquer work is carried on, we were told, to a greater degree of perfection than elsewhere in the world.

It was at Jeypore we saw the Nautch girls, kept by the Maha Rajah for his own amusement. Our guide would have us believe that we were greatly favored in this, our opportunity. One hour spent with them was quite enough, and cost us six dollars, a ridiculous expenditure. However, we have started out to see the sights; this is one of them. We were taken to a house and led up to the second story back porch, we might call it, overlooking a gloomy courtyard. A white quilted rug was thrown upon the floor. Three native girls appeared, dressed gorgeously in knife-pleated skirts to the knees, embroidered in gold. On their heads were thrown beautiful grenadine scarfs, drawn gracefully over their shoulders. Coronets studded with jewels, with earrings, bracelets and bangles resplendent with dazzling gems. Three women stood behind

these girls, advancing and retreating, keeping time with their rude musical instruments. They move their bodies in a most disgusting manner from the hip down, while they attempt to portray great intensity of feeling. In a short time they became very familiar, and disposed to be very flirtatious with the gentlemen of our party, taking off their bracelets, ear-rings and other ornaments and attempted to place them on their wrists or hang them on their ears. They, in return are anxious to secure a ring or any ornament we wear. They are repulsive and full of evil, judging from their looks and actions. They were roughly spoken to by an old, grey-headed woman, who evidently had them in charge, and, we thought, was urging them to offer us wine or refreshment, from which we could not escape before paying, but we had been forewarned and hastily withdrew, our guide settling our bill, while we hurried into our carriage. In their gyrations they would represent snake charmers, kite-flyers and divers and other mysterious movements that were anything but graceful.

Our visit to Amber, a city of ruins adjacent to Jeypore, was made partly by carriage and the ascent of the mountain by elephant to the winter palace of the Rajah. A small ladder was attached to the howdah on the back of the animal, and one by one we climbed and took our seat, two on one side and two on the other —back to back. While making this climb the

huge elephant knelt, all four feet doubled under him. When we were seated he arose. The motion was not pleasant, but all fear was dispelled by the two faithful coolies who walked on either side of Jumbo and directed his footsteps with an iron probe. We reach the palace, after a tedious ride, and to alight was a feat, but we were quite repaid by the interior views. We were too late for a sacrifice that had just been made of a sheep or lamb; saw nothing but a sprinkling of blood and the dying embers, or ashes, upon which a portion of the animal sacrificed is cooked for the priests in attendance. The walls of the palace were most unique. Doubtless, while the plaster was still wet, pieces of mirror, the size of a 25-cent piece were imbedded in it, and so thickly studded were these walls and ceilings that the effect was brilliant. The rooms were large and orange trees grew apace where a spot of ground appeared. The ruins of Amber, which we overlook, seemed the haunts of fakirs, naked and covered with dirt; with their thin, long hair matted, hanging over their shoulders or on their faces. These fanatics, in their self abnegation, are looking for their reward in Nirvanna, where they think only those enter who from self-denial purify themselves. Our return down the mountain seemed perilous, but our sure-footed Jumbo forbids fears and where his instincts failed the goad of the native caretakers seemed effective. We found

it a slow mode of traveling, but sure. We could but admire the oriental coloring of Jumbo's ear flaps; they were those of a superb India shawl. On the wayside we saw altars for sacrifice and to imitate blood was rude bespatterment of red paint or a like mixture. I wondered if their religion taught them that this is emblematic of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. I could not learn from inquiries made of my guide.

BOMBAY.

The trip from Jeypore to Bombay was the most tedious of any made in India, as we made no stops. It took us from 10:30 p. m. Monday till 8:30 p. m. on Wednesday. The road was monotonous and dusty; however, the nights were cool and comfortable. Our compartment, although commodious, was covered with, it seemed, the dust of ages, but on pointing it out to our stupid servant he immediately took off his turban of white cheese cloth and mopped with it the seats and floor, shook off the dust, literally, and replaced it in form of a turban, slightly changed in coloring. The chiaroscuro was striking. The meals obtained at the stations were most unattractive.

Bombay is built upon an island, although the separation from the mainland is scarcely perceptible. The waters of the bay are studded with islands, and the harbor is capacious enough for the commerce of the world. The

beautiful road skirting the bay leads to Malabar Hill, upon which are the homes of the foreign officials, and upon this boulevard is the exquisite statue in white marble, most delicately carved, of Queen Victoria in her palmy day appearance, when youth and hope make the countenance brighter. This statue was rudely defaced during the recent plague (1899) by unknown hands. On the summit of Malabar Hill are the Towers of Silence, surrounded by a grove of palm trees, with well laid out grounds. On either side of the entrance to these towers are chapels on whose altar burns the unquenchable fire and in whose purification the following of Zoroaster believe.

There are eighty steps to ascend to reach these towers, the place where the Parsee dead are deposited. Four carriers support the bier, followed closely by two long-bearded men (who alone enter the tower, handling the corpse with tongs and gloved hands). Fifty or a hundred men follow, two by two (clothed in white, with the funnel-shaped hat worn by the Parsees). One peculiarity of this solemn procession was the tying of the right and left hand of each couple, which had some religious signification. A short burial service is held in the chapel and then the body deposited at the foot of a ladder that clings to and reaches the door of the tower. This aperture is about five feet from the top of the tower, wherein lies a gridiron circular

in form, ready for the dead. The tower is cylindrical in shape, built of strong masonry, at a cost of from $100,000 to $150,000. There are four of these in the enclosure; the largest is twenty-five feet high, and from eighty to one hundred feet in diameter. A deep well is underneath the tower, and as the flesh is consumed by the vultures, which are perched close beside each other on top of this circular wall, the bones fall into a deep well (subterranean), where by some chemical process they soon dissolve and pass off through a conduit to the sea. The voracious vulture is so gluttonous over the amount of food brought for their consumption that they frequently become so gorged that they are unable to fly back to their perch from the grating. There is nothing visible that is revolting, and no odors are emitted. The winding-sheet used on and dispensed with on depositing the body in the tower is burnt; in this way there are no remains of impurity. The Parsees worship one supreme God, and revere the sun and fire only as manifestations of the Deity, and never fail to show their adoration when the sun is declining below the horizon, by stretching forth their hands and bowing to its expiring rays, thus acknowledging the teachings of Zoroaster, their leader.

Bombay has a mixed population. Besides the native Indians are Persians, Arabians, Abyssinians, Syrians, Turks, Greeks and people from the Island of Madagascar, and—last and

much in evidence—the English. The Parsees, the most respected sect, vie with the educated Hindoo in establishing charity schools and hospitals, and both are alike represented in the legislative councils. The more opulent of the Parsees educate their sons at Cambridge and Oxford, and generally are great travelers. They dress in European costume, but never at home lay aside their Parsee hat, so characteristic of the sect. We were told it is never discarded by day or night. Caste does not separate them and animal food is not forbidden.

We are invited to the home of Mr. Tata, a Parsee gentleman. His family ranks high in wealth and position in Bombay. My brother had, on one occasion, traveled with him up the Nile. His father and mother adhere to the Parsee dress, but their sons, having been educated in Cambridge and Oxford, have adopted the European dress, but still wear the hat of their sect. Their home occupied an entire square, and a small park separated it from the boulevard. We were invited to a four-o'clock tea. As we drove into the grounds and to a porte cochere we passed, in a victoria, Mr. Tata's brother with his wife. She was dressed in the graceful, elegant robes that the Parsee lady wears with such apparent ease. The doors were thrown open on our approach, by two turbaned and handsomely clad servants. Their white turbans were striped with gold

thread; their dignified, quiet demeanor was refreshing. At the head of some twenty marble steps, full thirty feet in length, we were met by more servants in oriental dress, and were shown into the reception room. Mr. Tata was there to receive us, and after a few commonplace remarks I could restrain myself no longer and began to expatiate on the surroundings. He then told us that the house was thrown open once a week for a length of time after it was first built, that their friends might come and bring guests to see their collection of bric-a-brac and the rare pictures. At the head of these marble steps we reached a hall, the walls of which were lined with valuable oil paintings. The house was built on the line of the street—a solid front—but the interior rooms faced a court yard, filled with the most exquisite foliage plant and palms like forest trees. A glass roof, that could be slid aside, kept these from the elements. With a modest air of ease Mr. Tata took us from room to room. The portieres separating these apartments had been made to order in Japan—embroideries on satin of pale grey, lined with different shades of pink, blue, nile green, and some with white silk. On both sides of these portieres were hung what we would call the sheerest linen cambric. Tying back each pair, when desired, were ribbons or tassels of corresponding colors. All the wood used in this house was imported, rare in quality. The

collection of carved ivories was surpassingly beautiful, as were also articles of jade. We, who had priced them in China, Japan and India, knew their value. The dining room was oblong, and at an oblong table in the middle of the floor could be seated five hundred guests. The table had a hollow center. By lifting up a hinged leaf persons could be seated on either side. We were shown the butler's pantry, large enough for an army of servants. Its floors were inlaid as Mosaic with pieces of broken china and cut glass. Mr. Tata said it was his father's idea and he urged him to get out a patent. The wine department made one thirsty, and the coolers are most unique, built in the wall, each bottle lying on its side in marble chiseled grooves, the process of cooling being hid from sight. We ascended a stairway of marble, whose broad steps afforded a landing place for our feet, and we could but linger to admire the works of art hung upon the walls. A beautiful stained glass window, with full effect of the setting sun, fronted the south and west at the head of these steps of mammoth dimensions. We were taken into Mr. Tata's own private parlor and from his bed-room, or an anteroom, sprang at our approach more turbaned and splendidly arrayed servants, who immediately after seating us offered on gold salvers delicately shaped tea cups, filled with the inviting Indian tea, and delicious rolled

sandwiches hid in doilies of jeweled satin. Well, we drank the tea, but visions of the castle that Aladdin had built in one night by the fairies was before my eyes, and fairly blinded me. We were disappointed in not meeting his mother and father, both of whom he said were at the bedside of his aunt, who was very ill. In bidding adieu to our admirable host, we were told a carriage was ready to join ours that would convey his best friend with us to a Parsee wedding. We wondered why Mr. Tata himself did not accompany us, but found no Parsee would be bidden or allowed to enter the place set apart for the guest at a wedding feast, without a wedding garment, and when we saw that of the gentleman who went with us, we thought Mr. Tata did not care to make such an appearance before his American friends.

The dress of the men was of white cotton cloth, made into short, stiff and exceedingly full skirts reaching to the knee, an embroidered jacket and a tall Parsee hat, bare legs and sandals. The ladies wear one outside garment of silk crepe about five yards long of delicate pink, blue and other dainty tints and on either edge of this garment is a narrow velvet ribbon an inch wide, of a contrasting color—dark blue, light blue, pink or maroon in shade. This strip of velvet is embroidered in gold and silver thread and inlaid with turquoise, emeralds, pearls, etc. This article of drapery is first thrown over the head to cover one ear,

on the other of which, by the way, is hung the most gorgeous solitaire diamond, emerald or ruby. This scarf is then draped most artistically about the shoulders and waist and droops in graceful folds over a silk or satin petticoat. They are very expensive; even those wrought with imitation gems cost more than we felt like expending.

There seems to be a building, or rather two of them, set apart for the wedding ceremonies which, we were told, were only consummated at certain seasons of the year (December and January). The grounds around were beautifully laid out with arches of electric lights spanning the fountains, with their sparkling waters, made more scintillating by the flickering lights above them. The bride's house was on one side of the entrance, the groom's on the other. Her friends were with her; the groom's friends with him. He sat at the door, with a magnificent India shawl folded and thrown over his arm, the gift of his best man, and wore the costume described above. The bride wore a blue crepe of very light shade. At a given signal she, with a female friend, was followed by all of those men, women and children in procession from the door of her apartment to that of the groom's. He received her at the threshold and conducted her to one of four seats—two for themselves and two for their attendants. These chairs were placed on a rug. Priests, two in number, stood on either

side of them. A table with a large silver salver, filled with well scraped cocoanut in their shells, together with two large bowls of rice were brought and placed before them, the former designating plenty, the latter denoting increase or conveying the command, "multiply and replenish." These the priests hold in their hands after first causing the bride to take a seat opposite her husband elect and, throwing a cord around their waists, tie them closely together, and begin alternately to speak in an emphatic manner, showering, continually, the rice on their devoted heads; when the quantity was exhausted the bowls were replenished. Afterwards cocoanuts were given to each to hold, and for two hours this went on. The crowd, in the meantime, stood while a rug was spread and chairs were given to us, the honored guests. The children were most elaborately attired in pink and blue satin, short and full skirt, with bracelets and bangles in profusion; they were very attractive. One of these dear little girls never let go my hand, but had led me in the procession to the groom's house, and sat with me during the ceremony. Love begets love and I felt like keeping her close to me. Beautiful little satin slippers matched their dresses. After the ceremony was over, the cord was loosened and the bride sat at her husband's left and received congratulations. We then returned to the bride's house, across the court-yard and had a rich feast of fruits, dainties

and wines; a few drops of the latter turned my head, but had to be drank for the sake of politeness. The ceremony was only half over when we left, all exhausted, for immediately after refreshments another two hours of this harangue by the priests had to be endured. What bliss was this?

On the following day the visit to the Elphanta caves by sailing vessel was most tedious, as the wind was against us, but on our return it was in our favor, "and we flew like a bird from the mountain" homeward. The landing at these caves was difficult. Stepping stones of huge dimensions stretch out into the water like a pier; an ascent of one hundred and fifty steps from the sea level brings us to the home of the carekeeper, who at once, for an admittance fee, proceeds to the temple close by and explains clearly all things necessary for our enlightenment. The temple is of solid rock; the builders began half way up the mountain of stone and cut down perpendicularly, thus removing the mountain face to a depth of thirty feet by one hundred and fifty feet in width. This Besaltic rock is chiseled into the interior of the mountain, where perfect chambers, with colossal gods, wrought by hand out of the stone, stand in representation of the Trinity gods. Brahma represents the creative power; Vishnu the preserving power, and Siva the destroying power. The guardian of this temple, an old Englishman and his wife, who keep things scrupulously clean, and in their own habitation

offer us refreshments for a small compensation. Our ship the "Caledonia," Capt. Andrews in command, sails to-morrow. All is bustle and confusion at the Oriental Hotel. We have enjoyed Bombay, with its beautiful carved woods; its ivories, and lovely sandal wood boxes; its teak furniture; its markets, where everything from a shoe string to a monkey or parrot can be bought; its bazaars, where one must have a level head to survive the noise of bartering, to say nothing or but little of the jugglers who swarm beneath the veranda of the hotel, performing most marvelous feats with their cobras and swords for the few piasters that are thrown from an admiring and amazed crowd of travelers. We must not fail to speak of pleasant acquaintances made; of Sir Richard and Lady Campbell, who will be our companions en voyage when we leave this port of Bombay until we shall say good bye to them, and Mr. and Miss ———, of England, of whom I have before written. We ship all trunks, save our steamer, to Albert Docks, London, where we hope to reclaim them before re-embarking for home. The parting of retired army officers, their wives and daughters, from the sons and brothers who are left behind to achieve fame perhaps, or lose their lives in the farther service to their country, seemed less affecting than I imagined such scenes would be, but we find patriotism very pronounced among the British subjects. They expressed hope of a speedy return for one or many more wild boar or

tiger hunts amid the jungles, where they may add to their already large stock of skins. We found the best stock of these for sale in Calcutta in a famous house on the opposite side of the street from the Grand Hotel. It is essential to select a tiger skin with perfect claws and natural teeth, as too often artificial ones are used to promote a sale, and to have them perfect in their curing is most desirable; if not, your trunk in which they are packed will be well filled with vermin. A zinc trunk is advisable, which can be purchased in the shops, and at reasonable prices.

Adieux are spoken, the beautiful bay sparkles in the sunlight, and we bid a farewell to the land we may never see again. My own personal regrets are few, for I have suffered during the entire sojourn from a depression very unlike my normal condition. I hope this benighted race may yet be brought from darkness into light and that one common brotherhood may be established, and love divine shine over all.

EGYPT.

The Arabian sea is to me a reminder of tranquility; the thought of no more temples to see, no more heights to climb, no poor, wretched beings, whose only existence is prolonged agony to behold, for at least from the hour of sailing, 12 a. m., on Saturday, 14th of December, 1895, until we reach Ismalia, Saturday, December 21, at 12:30 p. m., what blissful anticipation, and so fully realized on this quiet trip. A snug, cool cabin all to myself, which opened into a private hallway with a great open hatchway, or open half-door, gave me the delicious sea air in its fulness of life and vigor without the necessity of my going on deck. Our steamer chairs bought at Hongkong were shipped through from Ismalia on the same vessel we were sailing to Albert Docks, London, where I found mine in good condition. I could recline in this private hall, book in hand, and cull from its valuable contents, information of the objects I had seen, and what was still in store for me—all the Oriental steamers have well-chosen libraries for the benefit of travelers. I had in anticipation from the beginning of my trip a strong desire to note in my diary items of interest, that I might have enough driftwood on my return home for winter fireside, and from

further research to be able to leave to my grandchildren some fruit that would be to them a lasting remembrance of me.

We have booked on the steamer "Caledonia" seventy first-class passengers. Among them, my new-made acquaintances, Sir Richard Campbell, wife and two daughters. The former was none too happy in his retirement from active service to a passive one in the bogs of Ireland or to a shoot on the moors of Scotland. We will credit him with no desire to capture and hold captive the native coolies, but with a longing while still in sight of India's coral strand for the boar and tiger haunts. I suggested when he bemoaned of having no longer sufficient work to do to keep him happy, that he would write a book of experiences of his life in English service. He replied: "The market is overstocked and with but little variety or freshness in the productions of the pen." His wife will long live in my memory as a fac simile of gentleness and refinement. I doubt whether she is in the body at my time of writing, as a slow but sure sapping of life's strength was going on from her long stay in India's treacherous climate.

Sunday's service was read on board our steamer by an officer, at whose right hand at the table, I was seated during our voyage. He was clever and I enjoyed the conversations held with him. A smooth sea and a fresh-laundried shirt waist were most refreshing on that warm, but

lovely sail. We landed at Aden, a British port and important coaling station, at 11:00 a. m., December 17 (Wednesday), where we lay three hours. From Aden is exported Mocha coffee. Where it grows I cannot imagine, for the port is to all appearances, the most rocky, barren shore we have yet seen—desolation of desolation. Fortunately no coaling was necessary for our vessel; it is a most disagreeable task, and passengers go ashore if possible to escape the dirt and noise. All the carpets and furniture are covered with temporary coverings during the transfer from the barges of these huge sacks filled with coal. From hand to hand are they tossed by the native coolies, the majority of the number employed being women. The labor here, as on the Nile, seems to be lightened by a cry, or wail, which never ceases till the work is accomplished. Natives in their canoes came in swarms around the steamer as she lay at anchor, bringing their stock in trade, which consisted of ostrich feather boas, black or a color bordering on it, with those of the original grey. In our excitement to get a bargain we purchased, but they were poor specimens and not worth the pound we paid for them, but we enjoyed the fun of bartering. Some of the passengers bought long, stiff, white plumes, which could be utilized in making fans. After our purchases were made Mrs. Dudley and myself having each selected a grey boa, were warned by one who had been there before that we had

more than we bargained for, and that it would be better before depositing them in the trunks to investigate. We needed no farther explanation, but held at a safe distance the coveted articles and rushed to my cabin, while Mrs. Dudley sent to the head steward for a package of cayenne pepper, which had been my suggestion. After a fierce struggle, we succeeded in thoroughly sprinkling the feathery lengths, and then purloined a steamer towel, sewing them up until we should reach Paris, where we determined to have them steamed and curled, providing there was anything to curl. On my arrival in that city of fashion, I immediately sought a Tapissier or cleaner, and besought them not to sue me for damages, if they should, on opening the package, sneeze themselves to death. In a few days, on my return to our Pension with two friends, we passed the feather cleaner's establishment, when what to my wondering eyes did appear, but a huge caterpillar in appearance in the window, which we all declared, must have escaped from the jardin d'acclimatation. After many uncomplimentary remarks, I was compelled to acknowledge that it belonged to me and was bought in the Orient among other articles of "virtu." But to return to Aden. We were struck with the weird looks of the natives, with nothing to conceal their nakedness but the sacred cord around their loins. Their hair was red; their skin black; the "Witches of Endor" would have paled in comparison. The water

seemed to be their native element; they would dive down and under the vessel, appearing on the opposite side for a piaster, which, when thrown from the deck of the vessel into the water, they would bring to the surface in their mouths.

The day following we were on the Red Sea—smooth sailing, and no land in sight; weather, (December 18th,) beautifully cool and pleasant. The passengers on deck enjoyed the sport so much in vogue on these "P. and O." steamers. "Pull for your life," which enlisted the participation of ladies and gentlemen; the latter, after removing their shoes, could stand on the well-sanded deck. The leaders locked horns and their comrades chose sides, each placing their arms around the waists of the one preceding them, and then came the "tug of war." It was as great fun to the bystander as it was good exercise for those engaged in the sport. A reward followed to the victorious side, which, perhaps, took the form of ginger ale or seltzer. We enter the Suez canal at 4:00 p. m., December 21st (Saturday afternoon). The evening shadows closed around us; the low shores sank into half-transparent vagueness, and threw into relief against the evening sky a solitary individual straying along the water's edge, while within, a hundred yards from shore, were a band of Arabs, folding their tents, preparatory to a long journey across the desert. It was a most impressive scene. The quiet was almost overpowering. The lonely hour and the more lonely surroundings, all com-

bined, made an indelible impression. The camels were in the act of kneeling to receive the burden they must carry on the journey. In the moonlight, the undulating sands of the Lybian and Arabian deserts looked like the billows of an ocean, and the camels with their swaying motion like moving sail vessels, were lost to sight in solemn silence. This voyage on the Suez canal has a charm of its own indefinable.

The Suez maritime canal is about 120 miles in length from sea to sea (Mediterranean to the Red). Out of this length only thirty-eight miles were found to be above sea level; the remaining eighty-two were either below or on the same level. About midway between the two seas is Lake Timsah, nine miles in circumference. That basin is converted into a central harbor, where vessels may at all times find a safe and convenient anchorage. From El Guise, through which the canal passes to the Mediterranean, the width is 240 feet, and from El Guise to Ismalia it is 180 feet, after which it passes into the proper width, 240 feet. The estimate of keeping the canal in order, from its completion in 1869 to 1895, is about £75,000 sterling. Great dredges lie near the shore as we pass, from which vessels steer away. Charges agreed upon for transit are ten francs, or two dollars, per ton; hence, our steamer "Caledonia" paid for her weight of 4,125 tons, $825. The Indian steamers, instead of stopping at Suez, steam direct-

ly to Port Said, anchoring off Ismalia only long enough for passengers to land. We reached this point at 12:00 p. m. Before arriving a late supper was ordered by a few to celebrate the leave-taking, for many who had traveled together so far were to continue their journey to Marseilles and from thence to England, and others with us were to go into Egypt. We here bade good-bye to Mr. and Miss Donnesthorpe, who had been with us en route from Nagasaki, Japan. Before leaving Mr. Donnesthorpe gave me his confidence regarding his engagement to an English girl he had left at home. The outward-bound vessels, instead of stopping at Alexandria, steam direct through the canal to Suez and Bombay, while one vessel homeward bound passes through this canal every week. Thus, two vessels a week make 104 a year. Averaging 1,000 tons per vessel, the aggregate 104,000 tons at two dollars a ton will produce the sum of £41,600 sterling annually. These vessels carry to and from home about 10,000 persons a year, and this number pay £4,000, so that from the Peninsular and Oriental line of steamers alone the canal company will receive £45,000 annually, exclusive of the duties received from coal ships. Total averages from other lines are about £185,000, to say nothing of the pilgrims from Tunis, Tripoli, on their pilgrimages to Medinah and Mecca. $5,000 to $8,000 is saved on this route of travel to the mer-

chants from England to India. The depth of this canal in every part is twenty-six feet. Steam is supplanting the use of sails, for the Red Sea offers no exceptional difficulties to steamers. No vessel would require more than her sails, for the wind blows strong and steady during nine months of the year.

The opening celebration of the canal by the viceroy was regal. An opera house, theatre and circus were constructed in Cairo; gas was introduced into the city of the Mameluke Caliphs; Ezhekiah plaza was renovated in a manner that ten years before would have been thought impossible; the streets were laid out and flanked by granite and freestone curbing, and sidewalks laid with massive flagstone; railway stations renovated and the streets leading to it improved, so that on first introduction a stranger would be favorably impressed. The viceroy's palaces were repainted and every hotel in Cairo was engaged for the guests of the Khedive, to feed them and lodge them at 48 shillings per day per capita; all carriages and cabs free and at their disposal, the cost of entertainment was $2,000,000. Light houses were erected at Bitter Lake, and electric lights of great power at Port Said. Ismalia, the center part of the Suez canal, is on Lake Tismah; it was filled with water from the Mediterranean, November, 1862, through the canal the average depth was nineteen feet. Ismalia stands at the confluence of three canals; the

Maritime, Sweet Water from Suez to Ismalia, and the canal from Zazazed to Ismalia, which runs through Ancient Goshen, in whose confines dwelt the children of Israel 400 years.

"The harbor of Suez roadbeds was found to afford anchorage for 500 ships, its depth being from sixteen to twenty-four feet, bottomed with soft mud. In 1858 the canal company chose for its president M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. In 1859 the work was commenced. Mohammed Said Pasha of Egypt took 177,642 shares. In 1863 Said Pasha died and Ismail, son of Ibrahim, son of Mohammed Ali, succeeded to the vice-royalty of Egypt. England was jealous of the concession to France. The sultan wavered, but Napoleon III. had his eye on him, and he was frightened out of his intended course. Ismail broke his contract with the canal company and would furnish no fellahs. Napoleon III. came to the rescue of De Lesseps. A committee composed equally of French and Egyptians, was called by Napoleon and declared in favor of the company to the amount of £3,600,000, to be payable in installments in fifteen years."

De Lesseps, long calumniated, individually persevered against disadvantages in the undertaking, until finally (November 17, 1869) he exhibits with worthy pride his mighty achievement to the civilized globe, represented by crowned heads and dignitaries of all countries, monarchial and republican.

During our stay of twenty-four hours, or even less time, in Ismalia, we visited the home De Lesseps occupied during his sojourn here. It was within an enclosure where beautiful trees overshadowed the house and it looked lonely and forsaken. We also went to the house or palace which the Viceroy had built for himself. Dogs formidably guarded the entrance. We did not tarry long, but my brother and I wandered far enough into the sands of the desert to satisfy all our longings forevermore. The canal was built by the French, but the English bought most of the stock and have control of it, although it runs through Egyptian territory. From the inhospitable Hotel Victoria we rode on a tramway to the depot, where rather a poor train of cars awaited us, conveying us for miles through the desert sands, suddenly merging into plains and reaching Cairo at 6:00 p. m., the 22d of December. Little by little the plain becomes less green as we approach the Egyptian capital; the valley contracted and the pyramids appear roseate beneath the rays of the setting sun. On the right, through the palm trees, against the yellow tones of the Lybian desert, are the heights of Mokattam, with the citadel and the mosques of Mahomet Ali, the dome of which shines brilliantly between two tapering minarets. A forest of minarets and white walls and we have arrived amid deafening cries of the cabmen and the running omnibuses for the different

hotels. My brown "Cheap Jack" purchased in Bombay to carry a steamer rug which I had bought there again proved a white elephant, but after many gestures it is transferred by a porter to Shephard's Hotel. Crowds stand waiting for rooms to be allotted them, and as good luck has so far followed me both on steamers and at hotels, I find myself in a brief time nicely ensconced in a sunny room. We hasten to make ready for dinner, and are most happy to be seated alongside of Mrs. John A. Logan and her party of four young ladies and Doctor B., who heads the table and proves himself a most fitting decoration. The salon is crowded, and at one end on a stage is stationed a band of native musicians, male and female, with European musical instruments upon which the latest opera airs were played. It is customary after dinner is served to join the immense crowd that promenades or is seated, according to choice, in the corridors and exchange of the building. There tiny cups of coffee with brandy, absinthe and cigarettes are offered by the coolies in picturesque dress. Ladies, as well as men, partook freely, handling the cigarette with an air of nonchalance which bespoke its frequent use. It seemed that people from every nation and every tribe were assembled there. The air became dense, and it has been truly said that nowhere else than in Shephard's Hotel can such a transformation scene be witnessed. Many of my own neighbors

from Chicago were here. We met our Japanese colonel again. He had just returned from the Nile trip. He walked with the assurance of a man who had won laurels and was wearing them. I was glad to meet him, as our close proximity at the table on the steamers promoted a good feeling between us. Cairo is a winter resort for English, Arabians, Swedes and in fact the climate attracts from all over the world. The ladies who are there for the season make as great a display of fine clothes as we see in our own drawing rooms at home; in fact, the display of jewels is regal. But of this the traveler wearies, as our days are so busy; we willingly retire early to restore nature's wasted powers. One old lady from Wales sat with her gouty feet on a cushion, to which you were oblivious, for she was so bejewelled. She was an Egyptologist, she told me. I found her an agreeable woman, but fond of display. I apologized for my Quaker-like garb, explaining to her why I did not feel at ease in such a crowd in my quiet silk gown; that I had only a steamer trunk with me, and while its contents might ordinarily have passed muster, the piling on top of them—a lot of "Benares brass" —had crushed what little stiffness my balloon sleeves had once maintained. She scanned me closely and, with a confidential air, whispered: "You are a good conversationalist, anyhow, so never mind." I really began to feel a sense of inflation, and looked to see my sleeves puff up.

The poor villages of Egypt, a collection of dilapidated houses built of clay, baked by the burning sun and roofed with dry sorghum leaves, were scattered here and there. Here are seen cafes built of loam and straw and rickety planks upon which exhausted beggars sleep in sordid rags, where poor peasants devour a doura cake and drink a cup of coffee; women in long, blue gowns, carrying water in heavy clay pitchers; camels loaded with sugar-cane; asses bending beneath bulky bags of rice; heron, plover and white pigeons; Pharaoh's chickens hover overhead, watching with piercing eyes their prey; pelicans amid the Papyrus, a blue lotus, a plant dear to the Pharaohs, which one finds everywhere engraved on the walls of their temples; dusky girls with long, slender hands and tapering fingers, the nails reddened with Henna, holding a corner of their garment between their teeth to hide their faces and pushing flocks of turkeys before them. They walk slowly, gazing frankly, while the copper bangles clank gently on their delicately moulded ankles.

The population of Cairo in 1895 was about 350,000. The Khedive lives with his wife and family at the Palace of Ismalia, near the Nile bridge. He is a strict monogamist, loyal in his married life and detests slavery as much as polygamy. All his attendants are paid wages. He is said to rise at 4:00 or 5:00 a. m., eats no breakfast, exercises two hours, and between

seven and eight o'clock drives in state to Abdin Palace, which is about a half mile from Ismalia, his home. Abdin is the usual place for receptions and ceremonial visits. Here the Khedive spends the day, transacting various business, seeing ministers, reading letters and telegrams and talking with his courtiers. At 5:00 p. m. he drives again with his guard, preceded by his athletic sais about forty feet in advance, while in his victoria sits always some companion beside him. These sais attract much attention, so very graceful are they in appearance. Their white Turkish trousers, their gold embroidered bolero jacket, with bright, oriental sashes and a cap of bright color that sets off their fine features and well-shaped head. They are very fleet, but we were told that their earthly race is soon run, the exercise being too violent. We take donkeys to visit the bazaars. There is a change of temperature, about 60 deg. Fah., but the attempt made to keep our seat on our lively animals brought out the perspiration, as this was our maiden effort. The name of the present Khedive is Lewfak (1895). On a recent occasion he was asked: "What would be the effect on the harem if the slaves and eunuchs were no longer on guard?" He replied: "The women would rush into all sorts of license." He agreed that education was the one thing needful, and in accordance with his convictions has started a high school for girls, at his own expense.

The Mussulman women's morals are very low; their influence on the children of the harem is most deplorable. The Ezbekiah Garden confronts us nearby the hotel. It was formerly a lake surrounded by trees and habitations. At the present, after many changes, it is of rectangular form, with corners cut off, surrounded by an iron railing. A basin with swan, and carefully sanded paths with strange trees brought from the interior of Africa is a beautiful sight. The limpid blue sky and the rays of the magnificent eastern sun makes it an attractive place to linger, particularly so at 4:00 p. m., when a military band performs its European repertoire. Beer shops, restaurants and photographic pavilions are installed in and near this garden; veiled women, men in silk gowns of various colors, mostly blues, roam about with the most perfect ease. Beautiful Egyptian tents were erected for a bazaar while we were there. No one can appreciate, without seeing their effective display, made of sailcloth, with red, yellow and blue calico in plain colors, appliqued on in strange hieroglyphic designs. Rugs were on the ground and tapestries were used as portieres, while the Turk or Egyptian sat in the doorway, apparently indifferent to the passerby. To visit Heliopolis, we took a victoria and an expert dragoman. We passed the viceroy's palace, with its lane of lemon trees and the well cultivated plain of Metarrah, covered with gardens. We

stop at the virgin's tree, where Mary and the child rested in their flight to Egypt. This, with the field around it, is watered by a sakieh, which draws sweet and refreshing water from the bottom of a well. With the cooling draught, we are presented with a tiny bunch of flowers, for which we return a few piasters. A paling surrounds Mary's Sycamore, under whose shade, tradition says, she washed the infant's clothes, and that wherever a drop of water fell a Balsam tree sprang up. All that remains of Heliopolis, the city of the sun, is the obelisk of Usertesan. Heliopolis is the On of the Hebrews. It was here the Bennonz, Phoenix, the fabled bird, with its gold and crimson plumage, without a mate, came from Arabia every five hundred years to expire, and to be reborn of its own ashes on the altar of the sun.

I left my companion in the victoria, and wended my way alone to the obelisk, not far distant. It may be he preferred to contemplate on Heliopolis' past glory, as he was fresh from Yale's classic shade, and deep, no doubt, in its lore, rather than touch its hieroglyphics. To see the bees so thickly settled there was of little satisfaction, but what were we there for if not to touch, taste and handle? The climatic effects will preserve this wonderful monument for ages, while their consorts on the Thames and in New York Central Park already show signs of decay.

The ostrich farm was a more enlivening scene. One thousand of these ugly, vicious birds were kept in an enclosure, the fence surrounding them being so high we were obliged to seek an elevation from which we could look down upon them. They are most ungainly, but their strut is indicative of vanity. To probe them, as some did through an opening in the gateway, was to arouse their wrath, and the warning was soon given to desist, by the care-keepers. Many of the eggs were emptied of their contents and for sale. Throughout the land morgues are crumbling to ruins, the Arab seemingly powerless to repair them, or to build new ones. Cairo is built from the ruins of Heliopolis and Memphis.

To return to Cairo by the Kooha road is to meet at 5:00 p. m. the Khedive and suite on their return from Abdin palace. It is said the Khedive is never seen to smile; we can testify that he did not smile on us, although we rode parallel with him that day. The tramp of his attendant cavalry always attracts a crowd. We see, as we drive along, the donkeys roll with their saddles in the sand; swarms of naked soiled children, with their deafening yell, increase the clamor made by the native pipe seller and blower. These are made of bamboo, and, when properly handled, give out a noise peculiar to those people. Water-sellers, with filled goat-skins on their shoulders, leather aprons to their knees, striking their copper goblets one against

the other, richly caparisoned mules, bearing venerable Mohammedan priests, whose gowns are kissed as they go by—all these and more join this medley in human or animal form. Traffic is suddenly stopped by a long string of camels coming, laden with thick pieces of timber, rugged stones or enormous bales of merchandise. They walk silently in the dust with long strides, waving to and fro, exhaling an insupportable odor. Their heavy, incommodious cargoes strike right and left, breaking everything before them. Woe betide the pedestrian, who does not anticipate their coming, and prepare to skip. These caravans are only momentary disturbances, then all is righted till another passes. Through all this pandemonium we drive to the tombs of the Caliphs, the independent sovereigns of Egypt from the ninth to the twelfth century. In the face of the ruins crumbling slowly beneath the action of centuries, one feels an unutterable melancholy. Mosque of El Achraf-ynal El Ghours is near the tombs of the Caliphs, their courts are full of rubbish and plants and brambles, with its fountains for ablutions in ruins. These mosques contain tombs and stone mausoleums. We pass out into a dilapidated village of low mud houses, few shops, with fruits to sell, camels lying down, asses and tattered children and old men. We ascend not far away the staircase with disjointed steps, the mosque of Karl Bey. The interior court, open to all elements, is paved with mar-

ble mosaics. The ceiling of the mosque is carved, painted and gilded. The rose windows, cut in massive stone, is in great perfection, but all is crumbling, like everything else in the east.

The tombs of the Caliphs we overlook from the citadel, where we listen to the guide who relates the daring feats of the Mamelukes. To see the sun set from this point is one of the pleasures that Cairo affords. Here is a fortress, where Ramises II detained his Assyrian captives, when the Roman legion under Caesar held Egypt. The vile, stuffy smells that greet you on entering are appalling, and the ragged children eaten up by vermin, and afflicted by sore eyes rub against you. You enter the Coptic church of the Virgin Mary; partitions in woodwork separate three naves. Mother of pearl and ivory inlaid work decorate the interior, but it was so dark the beauties were lost to me, but we are not insensible to the vile uncleanliness, for that is paramount. We are taken to the banks of the Nile, shown the ancient Nile meter, and the exact spot where Moses was found in the bulrushes. From all this we turn with weary steps to the university, where scholars from the extreme north, south, and those who scarcely know from whence they came, are here to study the four rites taught from the Koran. They board at the Mosque and also receive a small allowance and oil for their lamps. Gathered together in circles, holding their tablets in their hands, lying or sitting on their mats covering

the ground, they learn by heart verses from the Koran, which they recite aloud in a drawling voice, swinging the body, as is peculiar to the Orientals. A special fund is raised from pious fanatics for the support of the blind who become scholars, no less fanatic than their teachers.

Another day for the museums at Boulah to be taken before, and after going up the Nile. From its terrace the views are splendid. The supporting walls bathe in the Nile, where multitudes of vessels lie side by side. Across the desert come caravans from Abyssinia, with coffee and incense from Arabia; pearls, precious stones, cassimeres and silks from India.

In dahabehis from Esneh come ivories, ostrich feathers, acacia gum, nitre from Kenner, boats loaded with pottery of porous earth, in which to keep the water of the Nile in amphoræ (large earthen jugs) in all sizes. Edfou sends its pipes, vases of red clay and black. Barges filled with indigo, cotton and barley, dahabehis of carpets and woolen stuffs with flagons of rose water. From the North come rice, maize and Syrian tobacco; draperies from Aleppo, Smyrna and Damascus; dried grapes from the mountains of Karamania; soap from the isles of the Archipelagos, and in the midst of all this enterprise, donkey boys yell, and camels make their unearthly cry, while I, who am mounted on a donkey, scarcely look to the right or left, lest I go over "Abraham Lincoln's" head.

We have left the museum and are on the road leading to Cairo, the Champs Elysee of this capital city. Tuesdays and Sundays the gay world is met on this thoroughfare. We overlook the port of old Cairo to see all we have described, besides dahabehis from Nubia and Soudan with goods and passengers. The ferry passing between Bedrashen and old Cairo is full to overflowing. Men, women, Bedouin negroes, asses, camels overburdened with merchandise, cages of fowls, and fruit in kouffas; people gesticulating and grumbling in an inconceivable manner—all this confusion we pass through to reach our hotel to dream of our journey to the pyramids the following day. Our dragoman secures an open carriage that seats four persons, besides the coachman and himself on the coachmen's seat. We are told that twenty years were consumed in building the great pyramid, costing 600 talents (the Hebrew weight 94 lbs.) in Hebrew money; 100,000 men were employed on the works, and were changed every three months. They say nothing changes in the valley of the Nile; the Fellah has always bent the spine to the stick. Lives innumerable were sacrificed by the Pharaohs in building for themselves, and others, tombs that time could not change, and where thieves could not break through and steal. How all earthly plans are frustrated. Now the hidden places of the pyramids are laid bare. The museum at Boulah contains the mummied forms of the builders, and

the entrances to their sepulchres are open to bats and men. I did not ascend the pyramids farther than to look into these excavations. This effort was most exhausting, even when assisted by these athletic Arabs, and the demand for backsheesh was overpowering. The sheik, under whose patronage these coolies work, stands looking on without intervention until your dragoman is forced to appeal to him to quell the disturbance, but we could see that he berated those who were delinquent in making their demands good. The sphinx near by can be reached either by camels, who stand in readiness to convey you, or you can walk. We prefer the latter rather than to have another bombardment for backsheesh, but waiving, as we did, all assistance but our dragoman, we were followed by these wretched persecutors. There is in this colossal figure a dignity—an air of mystery. It is with difficulty that the sands of the desert are kept from enveloping it, but the climatic effect is wonderful; it seems destined for time and eternity.

Friday is the day for religious service with the howling dervishes. One never cares for a repetition. Those who take active part in the ceremony are men whose regular features are set off by a tall, round, sugar-loafed hat, surrounded at its base with a turban wound very tight, clothed in long, flowing gowns, very full, open in front. A second gown underneath of mauve silk shows a blue jacket and orange-col-

ored trousers. One carries a flute, and now and then a soft, ethereal note is heard. Around this musician are others with their instruments. In a semi-circle, with arms falling at their sides, stand at least thirty dervishes, their long gowns of different colors fastened tight around their waists with a red silk sash, red, white and green turbans, and linen or woolen caps. Their hair is of extraordinary length, dyed with henna, and falling to their knees. At a signal from their leader, all uncover their heads at the same moment, and, as they bend balancing themselves slowly at first, with each jerk pronouncing the word "Allah!" This swinging motion becomes by degrees rapid; voices burst out; one hears the piercing note of the flute, and the ring of the cymbals. The sepulchral roll of the Darabonkas make the flesh creep, and finally ends in a delirious exaltation. - They assume frightful contortions; their bodies bend; the hair whips the air and the cry of "Allah! Allah!" penetrates bone and marrow. After a while their ways become more regular, voices clearer, and they seem again to possess their faculties.

The great artery of trade cuts bazaar quarters into the old Frank quarters where east and west mixes. Living side by side, the occupants of these shops speak, when opening the shutters in the morning, and when closing them in the evening, and frequently offer each other tea and cigarettes through the day, and that terminates all connection. A Babel street, dealers in

French novelties; an American dentist; a barber, a Jewish money changer side by side, while on foot in the roadway divers people from diverse nations throng—few groups but a constant movement. Among them are loaded camels, people on horses, donkeys, mules, victorias drawn by Arab steeds always on the trot. The guards driving to one side the crowd by blows in the face with their sticks, water carriers, soldiers, in fact, everybody, hustling, bustling in search of something. In the bazaar of Khan Khabiel we found copper utensils of all forms and sizes, coffee pots, perfume burners, ewers, chandeliers for mosques, Persian caskets chiseled to perfection, articles of rhinoceros horn, Circassian and Saracen steel armor, inlaid with gold, tables of mother of pearl and ivory. A dealer in old clothes sat at the angle of the street playing a game of chance with his neighbor. We see Koran letters in green on black ground hung in black frames standing against the wall, while the owner sits dreaming near by, apparently deriving much comfort from his kief. The streets are narrow, often hedged from houses by a trellis work, fashioned from palm leaves. The sun penetrates in spots. Through these apertures one sees the clear blue sky and black kites, vultures and hawks describing circles, and at intervals wild geese from the north go flying by. The roads are covered with dust which, when it rains, becomes almost impassable. We see coming towards us women accom-

panied by slave bathing attendants, going to a public bath house reserved for females. They meet by appointment, burn perfumed aloes, etc., send for singers and treat themselves to pastry and sweets.

The roofs of carpet bazaars, half covered with mats and shreds of cloth, permit the soft light to filter through, and upon the sacred prayer rug throws a mellowed light. Piles of camels' bags, some brilliant in color, with mountains of rugs from all parts of the east; those of the velvety silken texture with blended colors come from Persia. A coarser kind of many stripes comes from Rabah, Tunis and Kurdistan. Long squares with ground of soft blue are used by the Mohammedans in their devotion and are made in Smyrna and Bokhara. The gem polisher sits within the doorway of his shop, with wheels and implements, whereon he perfects his work. We are interested in the Persian turquoise, the most desirable to be purchased. We buy, we think, flawless ones of exquisite shades.

The Ramhadin, or season of fasting, by the Moslems, continues one month, and during that time they neither taste nor smell food or tobacco between sunrise and sunset. After this vile durance, we were told, their appetites can scarcely be appeased, nor their tempers curbed.

The weddings in December and January are in rule and, by applying for an invitation, your dragoman as a great favor to his lady, can and will obtain one or more, for which you must

compensate him, besides defraying all expenses, and giving flowers and presents. You must expect but little less expenditure than at our own weddings in our own country, and but little to repay you. On the evening of the 24th of December (1895), Christmas trees were on exhibition at the hotel for the benefit of the guests; the ladies only received presents. The room was most brilliant with electric lights and three large trees most artistically decorated with bright balls, cornucopias and trinkets. A card was given each lady and the number thereon drew a prize. My first was a box of candy and a small toilet article. Not eating candy, I presented both articles and asked Mr. Bailey, our host, for another chance, which drew me a white satin sofa cushion cover. For a time we almost forgot we were so far from home. There were so many familiar faces gathered around those trees, besides no limit to others who believed that the "Coming of Christ" meant good gifts to men. The 30th of December my brother and his family left me to return to America. I was over-persuaded to go up the Nile, a trip I most reluctantly made. As I felt the depression of the Egyptian atmosphere, added to my depressed condition from the medicine taken (prescribed by a missionary doctor on board the steamer "Pekin") throughout my Indian journey that I was unfit to travel any longer—and I had no desire to die so far from home—the pressure against my own judgment outweighed in

the balance, and I left Cairo on the steamer "Ramises III" at 9:15 o'clock A. M. December 31st, 1895. The room assigned to me by Thomas Cook & Co. was No. 63, on the upper deck. I had no room mate, much to my joy. This was my "mascot" from the time I boarded the steamer at Vancouver—with but one exception, and that was on the steamer "Pekin" from Columbo to Calcutta where I had a dear old lady from Australia (Mrs. Champion) share my cabin. We had seventy first-class passengers. Among them were Mrs. John A. Logan, Dr. B., of Brooklyn, Miss Paul, Miss Koon and Miss Dousman, Mr. and Mrs. George Hale and his sister, Mrs. Mathews, Conan Doyle, wife and sister, and from England we had the knighted organist of Westminster Abbey and Lady Campbell and daughter, while others I could mention to whom I became attached were Mrs. Allis and daughter, of Milwaukee, and Mrs. Wilbur and daughter, from Flatbush, Long Island. I must not fail to speak of Mr. Osterburg, the Swedish consul in Cairo, who made himself most agreeable. Our dragomen were Richard and Claudius, the former a Syrian, the latter I saw less of, but some of the passengers, who became interested in him, visited in person his little wife, about fourteen years old, who had a mud hut in the vicinity of one of the stopping places on the Nile.

After lunch was served on our first day out we made our first landing at Bedrashead, site

of Memphis and Sakkarah, where we saw the colossal statue of Ramises II, lying prostrate, in readiness to be transferred to some less favored spot. I had a fine mount, and Richard stuck close to "my lady" (you must remember that much respect is paid to the aged in the Orient). The temple of Ptah, the step pyramid, pyramid of Teta, pyramid of Pepi 1st, and the Ape's Mausoleum, were shown us. This last was most interesting. Magnesium lights of the guides enabled us to distinguish in these dark, subterranean passages, where 3,700 years ago, naked foot-prints left on layers of sand, placed in the corners of these mortuary chambers, testify to a primitive appearance. Here people made superhuman effort to hide their burial places for all ages to come, to prevent rude hands from pulling their bones apart until, according to their religion, their souls would again return to their well preserved bodies—to enjoy Nirvana.

We saw the tomb of "Thi," Necropolis of Saharah; also Marrek's house. To the latter is due much credit for his perseverance in unearthing and protecting the contents of these buried ruins. My first donkey ride was a success, not that I enjoyed it, but owing to a most considerate donkey boy, who walked at the side of the beast (instead of the rear) and allowed me to hold in my left hand the reins and my right arm around his swarthy neck. Thus, I took all those excursions on the Nile

without an accident, till I gave myself the title of "the lady of a fond embrace," while others, more daring and perhaps more dainty of touch, were more than once thrown over the donkey's head, suffering from bruises that took more than a day to heal. Immediately on reaching the steamer, at 4:30 p. m., tea was served on deck. I was more than weary and so sore I could scarcely taste of my dinner, but, thanks to a kind Providence, I was by morning on deck, but that day we made no excursions. The following day we landed at Beni-Hassan, visiting the Rock Tombs, consisting of chambers, shaft and corridors, where the mummies were once placed, but now all are swept and garnished. All that remains to tell the tale, are the writings and sculpturing on the walls. The scribe has taken precaution that he who runs may read. The series of bas-reliefs is a biography in stone with illustrations. The entire life of a man is written there. I must quote from a writer a few lines that have impressed me: "It is said that man's head becomes smaller every day, his muscle and chest enlarged; animal strength develops at the expense of the brain, which diminishes in proportion. The law of the strongest is the law of human species, one-half of which is seeking to destroy the other." These scenes depicted on the crumbling ruins, enriched by color, are strikingly realistic, built partly during the life time, and often after the

death of the person. These give the best possible insight into the life of the Egyptians of that period. From past ages to the present hour are men building their own monuments, immortalizing, if possible, their virtues. How well the foundation should be laid, that the principles, overlapping each other, may make a fitting example for future generations.

There are no new cities built of any magnitude; the new would only depopulate the old. From Memphis, reduced to a state of quarry, is built Alexandria; from Heliopolis we have Cairo. In passing the limestone cliffs we experience cold and wind; the mummied crocodile pits we pass, and stop at Aizril. Peddlers besiege the vessel, and the vociferating yell was kept up until long after 10:00 p. m., the hour when all lights in the cabin are shut off. At Aizul, we buy Nubian veils, which are made by embroideries in gold stars on black and white heavy netting, and are most becoming when worn by Nubian women. Soudanese embroidery is thrust upon us, but to all we turn a deaf ear and again mount donkeys to visit the bazaars. It was market day; the roads dusty; long lines of camels with their undulating necks and inhuman cry, impeded our way and shocked our nerves. What vagueness in the stare of a camel; what great, sad eyes; walking slowly with their heavy burdens, urged on by the voice and gesture of sober-looking Bedouins, perched upon the

beast. Women with ravaged features and with soiled garments pass us, with babies seated astride of their shoulders; little girls clutching their gowns, with leather or silver amulets on their neck or suspended between their eyes; the flowing chemise, of crude colors, mostly blue, their heads bound in a turban of muslin, their black tresses flying in the wind. The arms of these children of the desert are encircled in bracelets, some of which we purchased with a few annas. They are gilded and tarnished, perhaps from lack of usage. A sad smile seems to lurk on their faces, casting a gleam in their dark eyes, and they will follow for a great distance your donkey, offering you their poor, little, ragged dolls for a backsheesh; the very touch of them would be pollution. You cannot resist, if an anna is within reach, of throwing it to them and receiving in return a glimpse of their pearly teeth between their red lips in their attempts at a smile. The Arab men, wrapped in their burnoose, look on mechanically, turning their rosewood beads in their hands. Their yellow dogs, with pointed muzzles, prowl around restlessly, as if they would cry out with joy if a bone was thrown them. On passing through the bazaars I spied a Nubian veil, and to inspect it within a doorway, I was obliged to dismount; not being satisfied with work or quality, I attempted to remount, with the assistance of my diminutive donkey boy,

but alas, we were not equal to the feat; when, from a distance, came a red coat, an English soldier, who threw me on the saddle and demanded a backsheesh. Is begging contagious, or is their need so great? Over the tranquil scenes creep the cold shadows of night, with their unhealthy, impenetrable gloom; lights of the steamer are extinguished; the water shadoufs, with lean bullocks for their motive power, with hanging fetlocks, conducted by a little fellahin, gave a sharp, hollow, grinding sound as the brake wheels were made to revolve. These brake wheels set others in motion, which in their turn start still others at the extremity of the spokes on the water circles, where jars of baked clay were fastened with cords made of palm fiber. The latter, in their constant rotation, scooped up water, pouring it into basins, from which ran gutters, dug at right angles in the earth, and spread like silver threads through this thirsty land. These shadoufs are placed at intervals along the Nile and from its beneficent waters the desert is made to bloom as the rose.

The early mornings are bright, but cold. As we proceed up the Nile the noonday sun feels uncomfortable, but invariably the nights are cold. Then it is that the awnings are closely drawn around the upper deck, where a piano, tables and chairs are placed for the pleasure and convenience of the guests, while flags of different nations brighten and enliven

the scene, festooned on the canvas that wraps us in from the prevailing miasma. An evening on the Nile steamer may not be irksome, although our steamer ties up at nightfall. The lack of motion is made up by music and dancing and pleasant intercourse. A few moments after dinner I would retire to the saloon or library room, where pens and paper were provided for the guests. There I would jot down in my journal my transactions of the day and write home if we were within postal quarters. We never made excursions on the Sabbath day; our trips were so arranged by Cook, who had our boat under his rules, that all who cared for rest might enjoy it. We disembarked at Dendarah, where we spent two hours in the early morning. As we recall these days on the Nile, with Richard in his Oriental robes of lovely colors, fully conscious of his good looks, taking his position between the extended tables of the dining room at the close of the meal and there make known the plan for the next day's excursion. "Ladies and Gentlemen!" was generally followed by an audible smile, the guests knowing full well what was to follow—breakfast at the early hour of seven, a ride from five to fifteen miles either by donkey or chair, with a set speech when we arrived at tombs or temples; but we had come to see, why not muster up courage for still another prolonged agony? I found books in the library, most entertaining when off duty, by

Mrs. Edwards and Charles Dudley Warner, together with the book furnished by Cook to each purchaser of a passage ticket. This attempt to post up on what I saw, and what was yet in store for me, precluded much sociability, of which I am fully aware with such pleasant people as we had on board, was my loss. I denied myself much, but I was unable to cope with both to any great extent, but I shall long recall with pleasure the few hours I gave myself in this delightful recreation.

Our arrival at Luxor by sunset was well timed. The beautiful rays of the departing god seemed to throw over all the surroundings a halo. We knew an early breakfast meant early to bed, which command I was not slow in obeying. At 9:00 a. m. we took donkeys for Karnak, passing through the village on a market day, where each man squatted before his salable articles spread upon the ground under the shade of some umbrageous tree. Through a long road, lined at intervals, were the remains of the Sphinx, of which we have so often read. The ruins are most imposing, excavations were still being made. The Nile's inundations are fast making inroads, undermining the foundations, especially at Luxor, which temple is located so near the bank. We linger and gaze on the stupendous work, even in its crumbling, tottering condition it is one of the wonders of the age. We find the Scarabaeus are bought here to an advantage.

The Arabs, however, have no scruples in selling false beetles for the genuine ones that are sometimes taken from the tombs in excavating. They are becoming more and more rare. Mummies, so diminutive, made of metal or plaster, Stela, a small column, having neither base or capital, which are sold as the genuine antique, is manufactured almost within sight. One of the amusing scenes on shipboard is to see purchasers comparing these articles; their ignorance of their value is laughable. The beetle, or Scarabaeus, is a symbol with this ancient people of "eternal duration." We are told it lays its eggs near the shores of the Nile, afterwards to roll them through the dust and sand to a safe place of deposit, thus providing for a perpetuation of their species. I am not an admirer of the beetle, consequently bought no reminders of the bug. I did buy here a string of red cornelian beads, not for their value but as good specimens. The trip to the tombs of the kings, most laborious of all, I declined to take. I did not feel I was able, but by remaining alone on board of the steamer was like choosing between two evils. The days when the vessel is deserted the crew go through a systematic house cleaning process. Truly, there is not a dry place for the sole of your foot. My only safety was in bed, but even there intrusions were frequent. Like all Oriental workmen, they sway the body and keep time to the scrub brush and

broom with their voices, in a monotonous wail of Allah! Allah! After some six to eight hours it grows a trifle irksome, as it is incessant, so that I quite resolved before the day was over that tombs were pleasant places to visit and donkeys delightful animals upon which to ride. When a half-hour's ride was suggested, the next day, to the temple of "Rameses the Great" and tomb known as "35," I did not remain on deck, but on the contrary wandered through the Judgment Hall of Osiris, and through the temple of Medinah Kaboo; also inspected a small temple of "Thotmas III," passing the "Colons" on our way to the small boats, to which we were carried through the water in the arms of natives. We lay at Luxor three days, leaving at 11:00 a. m. the fourth morning after our arrival. We stopped at Esneh, where another temple was on exhibition, and proceeded to Edfoo, where we tied up for the night. There we saw really a wonderful temple, fresh from the hands of the excavators. On the 12th of January we arrived at Assouan, at 4:00 p. m., and small boats were brought alongside the steamer for those who wished to visit the "Elephantine caves." Not to see it would have been just the thing you should not have missed. And again we buckled on the armor and struck out direct from the shoulder. The sail around the island was an agreeable pastime, but the Arabs clamoring for backsheesh and for the

sale of their beads, were beyond human endurance. I felt almost murderous. I bought a few strings of beads, and for days, whenever I touched them, each one seemed to cry aloud: backsheesh! backsheesh! We went from Annan to Philae by train; and what a train! No provision whatever for the comfort of the traveler. If by chance a seat was given you, you were in luck; if none was secured, "you beat the bush" all the way through the desert sands. The distance is not great. In a half or three-quarters of an hour we are on the spot which artists have sought and many have longed for and died without the sight. We lunch in among the ruins, and are then led into the interior of the temple as it now stands, falling and fallen. Crowds of little Arab children offer their services as guides, and I recall, with a sense of pathetic pleasure, Mr. George Hale, with his crown of grey hair, being led by one of these little girls. "December and May"—old age and infancy. She was not over five years old, poorly clad, with her silver amulet on a leather string around her neck, and barefooted. In her hand she carried a Nile fly brush, with which she would gently attempt to brush off from Mr. Hale any invader, and in the same breath would whisk it with a vengeance in the face of any of her comrades who sought to take her charge from her. It was an amusing scene. Many purchase from these children their

amulet. I could but wonder if they were punished on returning to their homes for having parted with their talisman, which are religiously placed upon them in childhood. We now return to our boats. We are to skirt the first cataract of the Nile. We are divided into groups, and small boats are provided for each party. With fear and trembling we embark, but confiding in the Arab pilot, who seldom fails in the work assigned him, we soon regain our equilibrium. To me it was not as perilous as the descent of Lachine Rapids, in the St. Lawrence River, nor more exciting. That everlasting wail of Allah! Allah! was kept up until we landed near our Rameses III, and until we had filled well the bag with piasters that was handed around. We were not able to disembark. As I hastened alone to the gang plank of our river home, I saw Mrs. John A. Logan, whose boat had preceded ours, with her head of crowning glory, stretched from the low window of her cabin and in her hand was the "Red, white and blue" unfurled to the Nile zephyrs. I thought of Barbara Frietchie, and exclaimed: "Take in your flag!" That night there was a jollification on board, for the day following we were to begin our descent of the Nile. We took on board many passengers who had gone up on the previous trip of the Rameses III, and gone beyond to the second and third cataract and had returned to Assuan for the downward trip. Among

these were the widow of Major General Jed Baxter, of Washington, D. C., and also Mrs. Stroud, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Logan brought Mrs. Baxter to me, and introduced her. "Can this be my Mrs. Baxter?" I said, and she replied: "And this my Mrs. Hunt, of whom dear Senator Morrill has so often spoken?"

We were mutually bound together by one common friend, who had, by his praise, made us friends without ever having met before. We were no longer strangers. We stopped again at Luxor. There I had time, before the night shades gathered around us, to call at the hotel Luxor, where a gentleman with an attack of malarial fever had been transferred on our upward trip. His wife and daughter I had become much interested in. They were from the state of Maine, and we had mutual friends. They were glad to see me again, and were feeling most depressed in their isolation, but were buoyant with the hope that the husband and father would soon be able to be taken back to Cairo. They had been able to secure a trained nurse, and a good physician I think Luxor is a military post. Many of the passengers improved the shining hours in revisiting the bazaars and by moonlight the gay, light-hearted and free among our young folks went again to see the ruins of Karnak. We bought many photographs here, which were most satisfactory. We next visited Keneh, where the jugs and gargoulets are made, for

the Nile water. The factories are near by and many purchased these porous amphorae, hoping that in their own homes the water poured in them might come out as deliciously cool as did the water of the Nile.

We stop at Dirneh and Ballianah, but at Abydos we linger longer, where we take a seven-mile ride to the temple of Seti, finding on those sculptured walls much to admire. We lunched again in the ruins, and having no desire to eat, I fed through the iron-barred gate my share to the poor, wretched Arab children that swarmed around. I hate to recall these poor, down-trodden people. Is life worth living to them? What I declined to eat, they devoured with such voraciousness that it almost made me hungry. I am told Cook & Co. are regarded by these natives as a Godsend. He surely does much towards bringing them in touch with humanity. And now a day's rest is to follow this tiresome one, and until we reach Assouit we can rest without any rude alarms, which will be at least for twenty-four hours. Confusion, worse confounded, was the scene at the landing at Assouit. The wharf was piled high with parcels of merchandise, the owner of each crying in a deafening voice, the surpassing features of their commodities, pushing and pulling each other to establish their rights. We dare not pass through this motley crowd to mount our donkeys until our dragoman interfered, striking indiscriminately right and left with his stick, which too of-

ten fell upon their heads or backs. We did succeed in examining the rhinoceros canes, made of hides, which sold at $5.00 apiece, and of teak wood, which, we were told, were inclined to splinter. However, we took our chances. There were also embroidered portieres, and draperies, most elaborate Soudanese embroideries, specimens of which I gladly possessed myself. If the crowd is too threatening, you can barter from the steamer's deck. These Arabs are very dexterous; they bundle their goods, and with a grace we know not of, throw them up to the deck for inspection. Woe betide the unfortunate one who attempts to return the articles by the same process, if by mischance the precious bundle falls into the water. Sheiks rush in frenzy, and the noise from the crowd grows like the roar of a mighty cataract; and in one case of the kind, where the party was unlucky in his aim, he was compelled, for the peace of the passengers, to pay for the lost articles. I heard among the crowd on deck some one exclaim: "This is great fun!" Perhaps it is, but I failed to appreciate it.

At 4:00 p. m., the 19th of January, we landed in Cairo, a tired but a wiser crowd, and we are not yet through the wilderness. O, for a Moses! Why did he not survive the Deluge? Backsheesh from every one of that crew. Those who had brushed the dust or sand from your shoes or clothes as you flew by them at each landing place; those with shoo-fly or brushes, whom

we had never encountered during the entire trip, were in line for a piaster, to say nothing of the big fees expected by the male attendants at table and in your cabin. But greatest of all were the expectations of the dragomen, who were most sullen if anything less than one or two pound note or gold piece was offered them. It is safe to say to go under "Thomas A. Cook & Co.'s auspices up the Nile," you cannot get off without paying at least three hundred dollars for a three-weeks' excursion. Already, competing companies at reduced prices are manifesting themselves, and I heard with perfect satisfaction to their patrons, but the Sheiks, they say, are bought up by the "Cook's." How much of this is Nile gossip, I did not attempt to fathom. I had made the trip; never missed but one excursion, and still being in the body, gave thanks that it was finished.

We were again booked for Shephards. What a cosmopolitan crowd gathered in the exchange of that hostelry that evening. Many permanent guests for the season; many more in a transition condition; many waiting for the return of our vessel, as it was the best on the river, to go again on that bourne, from which most travelers return. The room allotted me was on the ground floor; I think in my weakness I would have accepted it, but Mrs. Stroud and Baxter, my patron saints, declared it unfit for me, and a cot was placed in a large upper room which had been assigned these ladies, and I was forced by

them to take the best bed. At the end of three days the crowd grew less and accommodations better, and a sunny, bright room was given me all to myself. Can such kindness as those friends conferred upon me ever be forgotten? Not by me, nor those of the name who come after me. One is not apt to forget an "oasis in the desert." Having decided to remain in Cairo for at least two weeks, in anticipation of meeting a friend who had followed in my wake "around the world," I decided to have some repairs made in my wardrobe, such as old buttons taken off, new ones in their place; new veils, new gloves, etc. All this was done at a little shop near by, kept by an English woman named Cole. There Mrs. Baxter accompanied me, and I came out quite renewed, as far as my clothes were concerned. Having a spark of life yet remaining, and with my usual amount of energy, I was again persuaded to go to Jerusalem with a party, rather than to remain for the Bombay steamer that was, I supposed, to bring my friend with whom I had agreed to return home. When the proposition was made me by Mrs. Logan—I will confess, even to my grandsons, to a little irreverence—the very thought of more temples to see and more tombs to encounter, was a trifle too much for my endurance, and I simply said "No! Not if I expected to meet my Lord!" for to tell you the truth, I expected and felt He would come and meet me if rest was not soon obtained. But after a week's sojourn in Cairo I agreed to

join the party and go over to Jerusalem and Damascus for a brief stay of ten days. Plans were made with T. Cook & Sons for dragomen and provisions, when all were frustrated by quarantine being declared. Our only escape from Egypt was to be made by Brindisi and Marseilles. All ports of the Turkish dominion were shut off from us on account of several cases of cholera which had broken out in Alexandria. "To arms" was never before more readily responded to than by the inmates of that caravansary. Tickets were secured by those who had not yet bought. I had, in purchasing mine at Bombay, bought through to Marseilles; luggage was brought forward, big bags, little bags and my "Cheap Jack" was much in evidence. Lunch baskets were prepared by the hotel for the journey to Ismalia that resembled great wooden bird cages. Among those friends we left behind were those destined for the Nile trip and a few habitues of Cairo, not easily frightened. With homesick eyes, those of our country followed us, and as a parting gift gave us lovely bouquets of flowers.

I must, before leaving Cairo, give an account of a large ball given in honor of those who had been up the Nile, and those who were awaiting a departure thence. It was given by the proprietors of Shepheards. The salon was cleared of its tables and the military band assisted the house musicians in furnishing music. The crowd was large, but I speak truthfully and

without exaggeration when I say that American women take the palm in dancing. There is a stiffness, a want of gracefulness, in those ladies of foreign nations. We were shocked by the innovation of the British army officers, with their red coats, and swords dangling at their side, which were permissible in this Oriental city, but when their spurs were worn, to the detriment of the gauzy draperies of ladies participating in the dance, it was a breach we could not overlook.

FROM EGYPT TO FRANCE

And now we are in Ismalia, our sailing port. Two steamers are momentarily expected; one bound for Brindisi, the other for Marseilles. The poor hotel accommodations were emphasized when this avalanche of people came down upon them. After baggage was identified and there was no room in the inn for many of us, I selected a sofa in the drawing room, on which to rest till the signal was given that the "Caledonia" was in sight. It was not a bed of roses, but many around me had a worse accommodation; but upon it I became half unconscious from sheer exhaustion, when a tender hand was laid upon me, and a kind, persuasive voice whispered in my ear: "Come with me; there is room for you with us." Almost reluctantly I arose and followed Mrs. Logan, who had, through her well-known forethought, secured two apartments for herself and party, the latter having agreed to double up and give me the extra cot in Mrs. Logan's room. We expected surely the cry would come at midnight, and we slept with one eye open to sight our steamer's coming. It was a cold, moonlight night. The desert's glistening sands were on one side of us, the sparkling waters of Lake Tesmah in the Suez Canal

on the other. There was a bird with a lone, peculiar cry that added loneliness to the scene, and when the morning light dawned upon us we were still in Ismalia. A most inhospitable breakfast was served us, and at nine o'clock came the welcome cry: "Ship ahoy!' The wharf from off which these steamers anchored was near to the hotel and a procession of yawning pedestrians was soon on its wending way, followed by innumerable dragomen, who were still in anticipation of one more backsheesh, and a crowd of blear-eyed, frowsy Arab children brought up the rear. Breakfast was awaiting us on the good old ship "Caledonia," and a warm welcome from Capt. Andrews. My spirits rose, and my traveling friends, Mrs. Wilbur and her daughter, soon were on deck, taking in the surroundings. We landed at Port Said about 5:00 p. m. I invested my last piaster in an olive wood paper cutter. Port Said is said to be the most wicked place on earth. As I hailed from Chicago I thought perhaps honors were even. We did not go ashore, but got our steamer chairs in readiness for the next day, as we were told we would have a choppy sea, and we fully realized the truth of the prophecy. Our cabins proved the safe retreat, and there I remained until we reached Brindisi, at 6:00 a. m., February the 5th. At 5:30 we were called on deck by a visit from the health officers, as our vessel hailed from an infected district. All bore the inspection and we soon set sail again and landed in Mar-

seilles the 7th of February. My baggage was soon O. K.'d, and a cab took me with my luggage to the hotel. Later in the day I took a drive through the city, and was much impressed with the growth since a former visit in 1881. Off the coast of Marseilles is built the famous prison Chateau d'If, immortalized by the author of Monte Cristo, a fine view of which is seen from the church of Notre Dame, built on a high rock on the outskirts of the city. The train for Paris leaves at 9:00 p. m., and after a fair night's rest, I am in the French custom house, where I have no trouble. A cab is secured for me and I land safely in time for coffee and rolls at Madame Therries, where I am expected. A hasty toilet and refreshments taken, gave me fresh strength, and I soon found my way to Brown & Shipley, bankers, where I found eight letters from home. I took up one, the latest date; found from its contents "all were well," and I retraced my steps to my own apartment, where I spent a most blessed day, reading and writing letters.

Paris, as it is to-day (1896) strikes a visitor as one of the most cleanly, most attractive cities in the world with its triumphal arches, which Napoleon had erected in commemoration of his victories, one of which, "The Arc de Triomphe," was begun in 1806, although the work was not completed till 1836, long after the founder and architect had passed away. This arch is the largest in the world. The arch is ninety feet high and forty-five feet wide. It is

considered too narrow for its height, and the insignificant ornaments along the top of the structure destroy all grandeur of outline. You will find "Hare's Walks" your best guide book for Paris and its surroundings. A year and a half's researches are herein condensed. I never fail to revisit Versailles, when the opportunity presents itself. Your early studies in history will enable you, in later life, after seeing this beautiful architectural pile, to long for a more extended history. The fountains are only in full play on the Sabbath day, and throngs of people of all walks in life, are seen in these grounds and crowd the corridors of historical paintings. La Madeline, one of the popular churches, resembles a Pagan temple. Begun by Louis XV (1777) as a church, and finished under Louis Philippe in 1832, it resembles the Parthenon of the Greeks. You will hear fine music at the Church of "La Trinita," but the Parthenon is full of interest. The first church on or near this site was built by Clovis, and dedicated to St. Genevieve; it was burnt by the Normans and after numerous changing of owners, it was finally, by the order of Louis XV, torn down and rebuilt, as a votive offering to St. Genevieve, who he believed to be his patron saint during his extreme illness. The first stone of the new church was laid by this king in 1764, and was completed by the architect, Rondelet, the pupil of the first architect Soufflot (deceased), in 1780. It is the burial place of illus-

trious citizens. Its possession was in a transition state for years; first a church of God, then a resting place for the immortal dead. At length, in 1885, it was taken from the worship of God and given Victor Hugo, whose tomb to the right as you enter is usually the first to be shown. The tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau are empty, having been pillaged during the revolution. Pere La Chaise and Montmartre are cemeteries where familiar names are recorded on tombstones and mausoleums. In the former lie Abelard and Heloise, the tragedienne Rachel, and the open sarcophagus ready for the remains of Sarah Bernhardt, when she, too, shall lay off this mortal coil. There are in Pere La Chaise, and in Montmartre, many musical celebrities. While I was there, in April or May (1896), Ambrose Thomas' funeral cortege solemnly wended its way from La Trinita to this field of tombs. The funeral dress of the Frenchman is what we term full evening dress. The bier or catafalque is clothed in black broadcloth, embroidered in silver. The floral offerings are piled upon it; colossal wreaths of violets and immortelles, strung on wire, are emblematic in their designs. No music on that lonely march on foot but the quiet tread beats a requiem for the dead.

Fine views are obtained from the galleries of the Trocadero. In the same vicinity is the "Palais d'Industrie," which was used in 1852-55 for the great exposition, and will be utilized again in 1900 for another fair. The shops of Paris are

small; the windows seemingly contain most of the stock. We must except those great magazines, the "Louvre" and the "Bon Marche."

"The Musee de Luxembourg, by the order of Louis XVIII, contains only such works of living artists as were acquired by the state. The works of each artist are removed to the galleries of the Louvre ten years after his death; the pictures are constantly changing. The walks in the Garden of the Luxembourg are the best types of ancient palace pleasance. They are considered the pleasantest spots in Paris. The character of the Louvre has changed from a fortress or a state prison (1367) to a picture gallery. It was the great dungeon tower in the center of this palace, or castle, called the Louvre, that the great feudataires came to take or renew the feudal oaths; it was there the great ceremonies took place. The Louvre was enlarged by Charles V, who added many towers and surrounded it with a moat, which was supplied from the Seine. He made a palace into a complete rectangular, always preserving the great central dungeon tower. Francis I destroyed this tower (1527). It took five months to do this, as it was as strong as the day it was built. It was regretted by the populace, because they lost the pleasure of seeing great lords imprisoned there. The existing palace was begun under Pierre Lescot in 1541. During Henry II's reign of twelve years, Lescot continued his work. After Henry II's death his widow,

Catherine de Medici, came with her children to live in the new palace. Henry IV united the buildings that Catherine de Medici had built with those she had previously built, which, under the name of Tuilleries, were still outside the limits of the town. And from this time no one touched the Louvre till Richelieu demolished all that remained of the feudal buildings and used only in rebuilding the existing wings as the half of his facade of his new Louvre, and built two others on the same plan to make the building a perfect square.

While the minority of Louis XIV lasted, Anne of Austria lived with her children in the Palais Cardinal, now Palais Royal, and even while the work was going on at the Louvre, apartments were given to the exiled Henrietta Maria of England, daughter of Henry IV, who met with most generous treatment from her sister-in-law. Little more was done toward improving the Louvre through the reigns of Louis XV and XVI, and then came the revolution (1848). Napoleon III determined, as he was in power, to unite the Tuilleries and Louvre into one great whole. This was carried out and accomplished in 1857."

During my visits to Paris (1881 and 1896) the repairs to the central facade of the Tuilleries had not been made. This unmeaning, desolate space presents to the mind the ruthless hand of war in the conflict of man's ambition for supremacy. Before the revolution of 1876, his-

torians tell us that between the beautiful chestnut avenues, across the brilliant flowers and quaint orange trees of the garden, beyond the sparkling glory of the fountains, rose the majestic facade of a palace, infinitely harmonious in color, indescribably picturesque and noble in form, and interesting beyond description from its associations, the one spot to be visited by strangers, which attracted the sympathies of the world.

We see the Arc de Triomphe du Carousal, built in 1806, by Fontaine, for Napoleon I. The car and horses are a reproduction of the famous group on St. Marks at Venice, which Napoleon captured, but were afterwards restored by the allies. The street scenes of Paris are most entertaining, but to enjoy it in its perfection, go when you are young, before your muscles grow stiff and your eyes dim, for the "run for your life" requires agility and good vision.

HOMEWARD BOUND

We now bid "au revoir" to Paris, and cross the English channel, from Calais to Dover, without any great inconvenience. And mighty Neptune did not call on us for many returns of the day. We proceed from Charing Cross station to the hotel of the same name, where we remain until we obtain more pleasant surroundings in the west end of London. Daily excursions, always on top of omnibuses, when there were seats for us, run to the Picadilly, Pall Mall, down Regent and Oxford streets and into Dickens' haunts, when time afforded, out to St. John's Woods, and without fail to Kensington, to the Museum, which is most absorbing of time and interest. We take carriages and drive through Carleton terrace and through streets where the city homes of the royalty are located. To drive in Hyde Park or Rotten Row, with a crest on your carriage door, would be fine, but as we had left our crests at home we were denied many of those privileges. I recall here with pleasure an opportunity that was afforded my daughter and myself, in 1881, while on a visit to Kensington. While wandering in the vicinity of Albert Hall, we were attracted by crowds of people gathering roundabout its doors. On inquiry we learned

a bazaar was in progress therein for the benefit of some London hospital. By paying the admittance fee of one pound each ($5.00) we could enter, where we could see royalty, each person of note in his or her booth with the name attached. "Maidens like moths are caught by glare," and we were soon in regal atmosphere. Here were ladies of high degree, dressed in Queen Anne's style, who had been brought thither by lackeys in sedan chairs of that ancient class. Most marvelous was the display of jewels which met our bewildering gaze, and these high-born ladies, with their pretty feet and high insteps, delicately formed hands and tapering fingers, gave evidence of good blood. We were approached by these noble men and women, soliciting us to take chances in prizes that were to be raffled off, but we declined for two reasons. In the first place, we could not see how we could accommodate in our steamer trunks the huge Chinese umbrella, under whose shade at least fifty people or more could find shelter at a garden party, and the greater reason why we did not invest was that our entrance fee was quite enough for the good cause. However, we felt ourselves most favored at this extraordinary opportunity of witnessing the gentle manners, and hearing the musical intonation of voice that marks good birth.

On Sunday afternoon we went in search, in the east end of London, for the "Palace of Delight," and its surroundings. We took the tram-

way and inquired of a demure, missionary-looking lady, the way to the most degraded quarters. She replied: "You are in that region now," and having no male escort, we were not particularly over-confident of our position. The streets were swarming with children; some fairly well clad, others ragged and soiled. Groups of men and women, many in Sunday attire, others whose habiliments were evidences of great want and poverty. But few were hilarious. On the contrary, serious countenances betrayed earnest conversation between and by these groups of people. We encountered no special exhibition of degradation; but upon the women's faces we detected the marks of toil and care, and in many of their offspring, idiotic, expressionless faces. Woman's work among women may bring in God's own good time a fulfillment of things hoped for. Again, I recall a scene I witnessed in 1881. We were inmates of Mr. Burr's hotel, as he termed it. Among his guests were people of some distinction. Mrs. Mary Livermore, of Massachusetts, was in this category. She had been sent over by her state or the city of Boston, to investigate the "Coffee Houses" of London, and Mr. Burr was known as a philanthropist in that city. Preparations were made to see London by gas light, and I was among the few invited to go with Mrs. Livermore. Two carriages were provided for the party, and each held besides four occupants, a seat either for Mr. Burr or his son, with the respective coachmen.

We drove to the station and then took the steam cars to "Wandsworth," a short distance from London. On disembarking we walked to one of the public resorts known as a "Coffee House," where light refreshments, with tea, coffee and chocolate are offered at a trifling price; also a bottled drink labelled Ozone, which had no intoxicating influence. These institutions were for the congregating of the laboring classes, where they might spend an hour or so in discussing the news of the day, or in social intercourse, where no intoxicating beverages could be obtained, and which served to entertain and keep them off the streets or from dens of infamy. Here husband and wife, with clean hands and faces, and perhaps sweethearts for aught we knew, were apparently happy in this hour of recreation. Mrs. Livermore was asked to speak to that body of people, and her satellites drew close around her, not knowing how she would be received. Suffice to say that motherly face drew the attention of all, and the appeals she made to men and women present drew many a tear from the female portion, and to suppress an emotion, an apologetic cough issued from rough exteriors. We retraced our steps to London and there our carriages awaited us. We were driven to the "Seven Dials," and worse places, if possible, where we were subjected to jeers and penetrating glances into our carriage by the passers-by. Across these streets were hung clothes lines and under the glare of electric or gas lights could be in-

spected the second-handed garments that were hung thereon. Markets, whose stale and unhealthy condition revealed itself to our sensitive nostrils, and we were glad to turn away from this unkempt crowd to a theatre in close proximity, whose doors were thrown open early to those who could afford a penny or more to enter. On the stage was a young girl, dressed in clean apparel. A check apron gathered at her neck and fell nearly to the tops of her shoes. She was amusing the audience with a dance they called a "hoe down." She kept time to the music by the clatter of slip-shod shoes. Then some "Punch and Judy" exhibition followed, and refreshments similar to those we saw at Wandsworth, were passed around, from which the hungry could appease their hunger, and with the tea and coffee, their thirst was satisfied for a mere trifle.

Thus the hours wore away which might have otherwise been spent, and would have rendered these people unfit for the next day's work. By ten o'clock all was over, and a very orderly crowd dispersed, we will hope, to their homes. The theaters in London are well patronized. I saw among other plays the "Prisoner of Zenda," and realized fully that to wear the court train, and handle it, and yourself gracefully must be to wear it often. The boxes are well patronized by coroneted women. I saw no one who struck me as being to the manor born. The universal law of

removing all head covering is most strictly observed. The average appearance of the English woman does not compare with dainty, well-gowned French woman, but neither English nor French rival the American woman, when she starts out to please. No one visits London for the first time without seeing the tower, with its grewsome walls and its regal splendor of the crown jewels. The national and royal academies claim many hours, and to visit the churches and cathedrals one makes haste.

We were in London on Easter Sunday. We heard in his own pulpit Dr. Parker and, more than that, his wife, now deceased, stood on the left of the pulpit. Before the sermon by her husband, she appealed to the women of London, as well as the women of every nation, to spare the birds, and repeated several verses of her own composition in their behalf.

We fully intended to visit the cathedral towns of England, but sickness of one of our party, deprived us of that privilege, and after a lot of shopping, and more sight-seeing, we spent one day at Windsor, and saw the Eton College grounds. Not far away, but in sight, I believe, of Windsor Castle, is "Stoke Pogis," made memorable by "Gray's Elegy."

Her majesty, the queen, was not at home. We were shown one room in particular, which has been thrown open to the public since my visit there in 1881; that was, the one contain-

ing the "jubilee gifts of 1897," when hearts and hands must have been emptied in making these royal presents. The treasures of India were there, those of Afric's sunny shores, and from every nation and every tribe that acknowledged Victoria. Queen and empress, each and all, poured forth their trophies at her feet. Her stables were shown us, well stocked with thoroughbred steeds from far off Arabia and the Shetland Isles.

"Time and tide waits for no man," and we are booked for the "Augusta Victoria," that sails April ——, 1896. Some love to roam, but I like it better when I am nearer home. Our trip across the Atlantic is not what we hoped for, and a choppy sea with an occasional swell made us feel uncomfortable. I had the pleasure in Paris of making the acquaintance of a gentleman, wife and young lady daughter, who invited me to return to America in their company, and seldom, if ever, has it been my lot to have my lines cast among more delightful people than they and, although our homes are far apart, my heart often goes out to them.

When our own home port is sighted and the sensation the appearance of a custom-house officer always creates is over, and the welcome "O. K." is visible on our luggage, we feel like taking off our chapeau to "Liberty Enlightening the World."

It is midnight when we land on the Jersey shore, and the gallant captain, no less courte-

ous on land than on sea, bids us return to our cabins and rest, when we have obeyed our country's mandate, the custom house officer.

A hasty breakfast and a few good-byes are spoken, and my heart swells within me, as I spring from the gang-plank to the shore, and the lines

"My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above,"

seem to express all and more than all that I could say.

A short stay of a few hours in New York, and an uneventful trip on the New York Central Railroad brought me into Chicago, where those nearest and dearest to me were in waiting to bid me welcome home. And now in closing, my dear children, I will say: "That if the work I have done in leaving you these impressions and footprints, gives the pleasure hoped for, I will feel compensated, notwithstanding I have labored when the flesh was weak and my vision clouded. When you have reached my age (sixty-three), when youth and vigor are not in their fulness, this work of love may then be appreciated.

Your Grandmother,

ELEONORA HUNT.

Nov. 20, 1897.

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